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SPRING BOOKS

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The Case of Seretse Khama

WE hope that the Seretse Khama case will be a lesson to this and all other democratic Governments. We do not need telling that expediency must play a part in the art of government, nor that Ministers are unable always to reveal all the relevant facts in announcing policy to the House of Commons. But the Seretse case is a superb example of the danger of sacrificing principle to short-sighted fear; it also shows the folly of economising in truth where the facts are obtainable elsewhere. No one was interested in Mr. Gordon-Walker's statement that the Government was not yielding to pressure from Malan; they knew that in truth the pressure came from General Smuts, who urged him not to make his position more difficult by fighting Malan on this issue. Everyone knew that Britain would not have refused to allow Seretse to return had it not been known that the Union Government would be angry if we did so. In short, we are offered a classic example of appeasement, which means, not peacemaking, but the surrender of principle in the hope of buying off a stronger party at the expense of a weaker. As so often happens, the stronger party is not appeased; the principle has to be faced just the same, and the weaker party proves not to be so weak after all.

The Government decision was obviously a mistake from the moment it was announced. It was attacked from the Conservative as well as the Labour side, though Mr. Churchill characteristically chose weak ground in basing his attack on the Government's having "tricked" Seretse—which it is by no means clear that they did. In the Labour Party, many Members felt that, if it came to a show-down, they would be in conscience unable to support the ban. Secondly, the effect of the decision on the tribe was extremely awkward for the British Government. The chieftains unanimously refuse to meet Sir Evelyn Baring, the British High Commissioner. They have decided to withhold taxes until their elected chief is allowed to return to them, and they threaten to remove all their children from the administration's schools.

Finally, the effect on world opinion is what might have been expected. No obvious advantage has been gained in South Africa. The dangers and advantages from South Africa's point of view of taking economic or military measures to coerce the Protectorates remain exactly what they were before General Smuts began to exercise pressure on Sir Evelyn Baring. South Africa has, of course, the power to carry through a military or economic blockade if she wishes. But she relies on native labour from Bechuanaland, and she may still hesitate about bringing to fever point the growing anger of all the native peoples of South Africa.

The situation is one for which Moscow might have prayed. The well-meaning work of the Colonial Office, under Mr. Creech Jones, had begun to improve relations between Black and White: it is now threatened. How easy now to persuade coloured populations everywhere that the pretensions of social democracy to a belief in racial equality are hypocritical! In face of all this, it would best become the Government to take a deep breath and reverse a bad decision. It seems, however, inclined substantially to stick to its course, disregarding both the effect on world opinion and the strain it is placing on the loyalty of some of its most conscientious supporters.

Health Service Costs

Aimed ostensibly at the Chancellor of the Exchequer, this week's attack by the Tories on "over-spending" was really directed at Mr. Aneurin Bevan. Not wishing overtly to demand the slashing of the Health Service, the Opposition sought to make political capital out of its allegedly extravagant cost. They secured from Sir Stafford Cripps an assurance that expenditure on Health, as on food subsidies, would be subject to a ceiling—presumably of the order of £450 millions gross. A glance, however, at the breakdown of the Health Service accounts should serve to dispel any illusions that there can be any substantial reduction in expenditure without defeating the Service's aims.

The eye service, it is true, should cost less when the back-log of badly needed spectacles has been worked off; and it is possible that there may be some savings on the chemists' bill if doctors can be persuaded, as Mr. Bevan urged, to eschew prescriptions for expensive proprietary drugs when equally efficient equivalents are available. On dentistry and general practitioner services there seems little prospect of substantial economies. As for the hospitals,

which account for practically half the total bill, some saving might be effected if and when the promised Health Centres are available for specialist treatment of patients now bundled hospital-wards by general practitioners; but there is a strong case for off-setting any economies secured in hospital running costs by still larger capital outlay on much needed modernisation of buildings and hospitals. In short, the bill of £400-£450 millions annually must be met; and the idea that patients might be made to shoulder part of the cost is ruled out: it is administratively impracticable as well as socially unjust.

On the general question of the cost of public health and other "social service" expenditure it cannot be too often emphasised that what we are witnessing within the framework of the Welfare State is simply a redistribution of spending power. The citizen has less cash to spend on individual consumption: he is compensated in different degrees by the free services (including stabilised food prices) which he enjoys. Excluding expenditure—i.e., on timber for housing—which directly affects the cost of imports, the bearing of this expenditure on Britain's key problem, the balance of foreign payments, is inconsiderable. Indeed, the only relevant factor is the consideration that, at a given level, high taxation can become inflationary by leading to irresistible demands for higher gross incomes. But before any Socialist can accept the conclusion that "social service" expenditure must therefore be cut, he can justifiably point to the intolerable burden of a Defence budget already costing £780 millions.

The Chance for Greece

Beaten at the polls, the Greek diehards are doing their best to limit and repair the ravages they have suffered. For the moment, at least, all question of a "strong Government" of the Right—such as they talked of hopefully a few months ago—is out of court. The so-called "New Party" of Markezinis has been slaughtered; so has General Zervas's party. The Populists have taken a thorough beating which no amount of demagogy can conceal. The only section of the Right to have emerged in any strength are the Right-wing parties of Venizelos and Papandreou. To the Left of these there is now a strong Liberal fraction under General Plastiras and a useful band of radicals under Sofianopoulos and the E.L.D. (Socialist) leaders.

Faced with the likelihood of a coalition of moderates under Plastiras, the diehards have replied with delaying tactics. They are working overtime, according to latest report, to modify the composition of this new Government in their favour. Although the Democratic Alliance of Sofianopoulos and the Socialists came at the top of the poll in some of the larger centres—and would certainly have done far better if police restrictions had allowed them—they are evidently not to be members of the coalition.

We hope that the British Government will use its influence with the Americans in Athens—and also with the Greeks—to ensure that the results of the poll are not completely and rapidly perverted. There is a danger that Plastiras will be persuaded or prevented from carrying out his declared intention of introducing a general amnesty. There is another danger, less immediate though no less real, that the Right-wing parties and all they represent—above all the police and the General Staff—will seize a favourable occasion in the near future to engineer their return to power—either by forcing a new election under more "favourable" conditions or by staging a *coup* after the manner of Metaxas.

The chances for democracy and reconciliation in Greece clearly depend upon swift and determined action by General Plastiras and his friends during the next few months. If they use this time to good effect, the Right will find it hard to reassert itself. Once the new Government has stripped the police and the Security Committees of their arbitrary powers of arrest, abolished concentration camps like Makronessos, reprieved more than 2,200 people who are now under sentence of death for political reasons and carried through a general amnesty of political prisoners, the way will be open for a full return to democratic procedures.

Land to the Landlords

The last few weeks have brought new waves of land invasion in the south of Italy and in Sicily. In many cases peasants are going back again to work the land from which they withdrew—on the understanding that the Government would distribute land to them—last autumn. Here and there they have taken, and are taking, new land. Their impatience is understandable. While they starve in idleness—there are probably about a million agricultural workers on desperately short time in Italy, as well as a multitude of dwarf-holders—the Government, full of fine promises, merely tinkers with the problem.

Taking advantage of this respite, the landowners and their many friends in Parliament are lining up for a last-ditch stand in defence of a system of landownership which only the grossest egotism could dare to defend. They have now produced a "land reform" of their own, a project elaborated by a landowner named De Martino which seems designed mainly to milk the State of the funds for capital investment which the landowners themselves are not prepared to provide—naturally without any real expropriation. The Government's own project, the much-modified Segni Bill, is little better than this. Its latest revision is to exclude from division all properties worth less than about £20,000. The basing of reform on taxable values, which is now proposed, and not on territorial size, is an obvious invitation to the sort of twisting and tapering at which the Southern landowners are past masters. These manœuvres are one more proof, if that were needed, of the incapacity of the property interest in Italy—industrial as well as agricultural—to adjust itself to the modern world.

Moving More Germans

A few Germans remained in Poland and Czechoslovakia in the wake of the great westward movements of 1945 and 1946. They are now being shifted into Germany by the Polish and Czechoslovak authorities. Their justification is to be found formally in the Yalta Agreements, and more convincingly in the wish of many of these Germans to quit the lands of their adoption. Even so, their removal is inconvenient to the authorities—German and Allied—in Western Germany. There is little or no prospect of their finding employment; they will merely add to the great masses of unabsorbed refugees which crowd the countryside of Bavaria, Schleswig-Holstein, and other predominantly rural provinces.

It is nonsense to suggest, as inspired reports are now doing, that this removal indicates some underhand plot on the part of the Poles and Czechs to deepen the wretchedness of the Western Zones. The High Commission is in fact under obligation to take 25,000 Germans from Poland and 20,000 from Czechoslovakia; and the names of as many have already been provided by relatives in Western Germany who are prepared to support these new refugees. For the rest, the Polish Government concluded an agreement last January with the Berlin Government (but not with the Bonn Government or the Western Powers) to transfer from Poland all remaining Germans, who may number more than 100,000. Shortage of labour in the Eastern Zone apparently makes these Germans welcome there. What seems to be happening is not that the Polish authorities are trying to send more than the agreed 25,000 Germans into the Western Zones, but that many refugees are presenting themselves at the zonal frontier without the necessary papers. Only the final ending of partition in Germany can bring this inhuman situation to a close.

Red Light in France

The strike movement in France continues to erupt, rather like a fire-cracker, into new industries and areas of dispute. Already these disputes have lasted longer, and brought out more men, than any since the troubles of the Popular Front in 1936. They are the expression of long banked-up exasperation at a reactionary Government which is generous only in empty promises. They are also an occasion for the Communist Party to exercise its strength in causes which, as Mr. Werth shows in his report this week, are deep in the hearts of many millions of Frenchmen. Apart from promises, the Government has so far replied with an anti-strike law which is aimed ostensibly, and to that extent no doubt reasonably, at preventing and punishing sabotage. Yet it is a law which contains the seed of great dangers to French democracy. If the Gaullists should be returned in strength at the next general election—which cannot now be long delayed—they would find in this law a powerful instrument for suppression of all effective trade unionism—in favour of the "corporative unions" which De Gaulle wants. The French Socialists have voted this law at their peril.

Dollar Schizophrenia

It cannot be said too strongly that not even for the sake of Marshall Aid can Great Britain afford to become the dollar banker of Western Europe. It is difficult enough for us to meet the claims of the sterling area for dollars without taking on the further responsibility of supplying gold or dollars to meet sterling claims from our European neighbours. We had plenty of experience during the dollar loan period of the

ease with which resources can be drained away under such a state of affairs; and we have not been without other experiences of the same kind since we were forced to give up the convertibility on which the Americans insisted as long as it was even possible for them to insist.

The biggest disaster of all would be any agreement on our part to finance Western Germany on terms that might involve us in meeting some of the German dollar deficit. It was our inability to do this that forced us to surrender to the Americans all control over German economic policy; and it would be preposterous were we forced now to take responsibility for the effects of a policy which we never approved. Even in relation to other West European countries our desire to co-operate in a more closely integrated—and planned—economy does not make it possible for us to accept the obligations which currency convertibility without planning would involve.

Our first care must be for our own solvency, and our second for the solvency of the sterling area in terms of dollars; and we should be doing nothing but harm in the long run were we to accept obligations we could not carry out.

The Americans' Blind Spot

The Americans, we are well aware by this time, have a blind spot about the relation between currency questions and economic policy. Having no dollar difficulties of their own except that of superabundance in the world markets, they link together the notions of "non-discrimination" and full convertibility of currencies, and insist on treating the latter as a means to the former, ignoring the point that currencies cannot be freely convertible unless there is a possible rate of exchange at which the demand will really balance the supply. That is how they come to be threatening us now with a cut in Marshall Aid unless we agree to a payments scheme that will mean an unbearable strain on our scanty gold and dollar resources, and at the same time accuse us of discrimination because we attempt to negotiate with the Germans a trade agreement that does not allow sterling balances to be converted into gold or dollars.

Over and above all this, we have to face the contradictions between E.C.A.'s insistence on our cutting down our dollar imports and the American oil companies' instant reaction to anything that might lessen their profit prospects in the European market. It is of great moment to us not to have our Marshall Aid cut down this year on the plea that we are being "naughty"; but it is of much greater importance not to give in to the Americans when we know all too well that they are misguidedly attempting, in their inability to put two and two together, to force on us responsibilities that are far beyond our strength.

Fewer British Films

The decision to reduce, next October, the quota of British films that must be shown in our cinemas, from forty to thirty per cent., is a reflection primarily of the serious production crisis in the British film industry. The output of British films, both at the moment and as scheduled, is so low that it would be quite impossible for exhibitors to fulfil any higher quota. The exhibitors, however, have no reason to be displeased with the decision. It makes no difference to them where they obtain their films, so long as they have a good box-office appeal—and, as has been clear for a long time, they believe that American films are better moneymakers than British features.

The reduction of the quota, too, will certainly mollify Mr. Eric Johnston, who is coming here to discuss revision of the Anglo-American Film Agreement of 1948. Mr. Johnston would undoubtedly have pressed for a greater share of British screen space for Hollywood: he has got that in advance. Since he will realise that this is not due to generosity, but to necessity, it is another matter whether Mr. Wilson will be able to secure any concessions in return from the American industry. This new symptom of the crisis only serves to emphasise once again the need for a thorough overhaul of the film industry—and the need for a clear and courageous Government policy towards films.

Jobs and Men

There is doubtless something to be said for wiping off the slate statutory Orders of which no use is in fact made; and since the Control of Engagement Order was promulgated in the autumn of 1947, less than 30 people had in fact been directed to jobs. None the less, the Order remained as a sanction in the background: but for its existence, more labour might in practice have found its way into unessential industries.

In announcing his decision to withdraw the Order, Mr. Isaacs declared that the distribution of manpower was now such that he could safely forgo these powers. It is not easy to see on what basis he reached this conclusion. Lancashire, it is true, has lately gained some much needed influx of hands; but in 1949 as a whole there was little to show that the balance between essential and unessential industries was being corrected. According to the *Survey*, the key industries of agriculture, coal, metals and engineering and textiles were to receive, last year, a total reinforcement of 45,000 to their manpower. The actual increment was, in fact, 22,000—the improvement in textiles being balanced by an actual decline in agriculture and mining. On the other hand, in the distributive trades and in the industries producing food, drink and tobacco there was to have been an expansion of 18,000; but the actual growth in numbers employed was 102,000.

The advocates of *laissez-faire* are, of course, delighted that Mr. Isaacs should thus have stoked the bonfire of discarded controls. The logic of the situation, they argue, now demands that capitalist enterprise should equally be given greater freedom from restrictions on its developments. For our part, we are inclined to think that Mr. Isaacs may have acted precipitately. It is somewhat optimistic to assume that the balance of payment problem can be finally solved without possible need for a distinctly greater switch of manpower than has yet been achieved from non-essential to essential trades.

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PARLIAMENT: Aneurin Bevan

Wednesday.

Lord Beaverbrook is not helping the Tories. In fact, he has done John Strachey a good turn. Strachey has long been denigrated in whispers. The *Evening Standard*, by breaking down the cupboard door, presented him with a first-class opportunity of vindicating himself by chapter and verse. "It would have been more useful to have kept that stuff in the dark," commented one Conservative. But Beaverbrook is not playing this game. And it will now shock some of the nasty-minded Conservatives in the House to find that their best friend, Mr. Junor, is no longer Cross-bencher in the *Sunday Express*.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, whom the Opposition has twice put on the spot this week, undoubtedly thrives on friction. So well has he been built up as a *bête rouge* that newcomers expected to see a howling wolf. They will find that Bevan has many sides. In the lobbies he is an approachable Minister and mixes more than most; in the Chamber he is always on the attack and enraging the Tories; and on the platform he sometimes dismays his best friends. Although he has lost face because he said that housing would not be an election issue in 1950 and because his reference to "vermin" alienated marginal votes which Mr. Morrison was working overtime to attract, he can still excite tremendous enthusiasm by debating brilliance. So long as he is the focus of Opposition anger, and people like Mr. Walker-Smith and Major Bevins demand his removal, and imply that he's the only Socialist in the Cabinet, his leading position is assured.

Mr. Bevan, however, like other Left politicians, is an opportunist with an unpopular job, and his fans don't always know what line he is going to take. Dissatisfaction with some of his policies and speeches is carefully balanced against the fact that he represents, above all, Labour's determination to govern alone and in the interests of the workers.

Monday's repetitive housing debate did not provide him with much of an opportunity, and he appeared nervous about the unspoken criticisms of Labour Members. There was a conspiracy of silence about the effects of armaments on housing, and Bevan misfired on this occasion by lambasting the Tories instead of replying to the dangerous thoughts. He and his supporters are as unhappy about 175,000 houses a year as is Cripps about the prospective cost of the Health Service. So the debate remained stale to the end with the usual challenges on what Woolton said and what the Tories would do. But the Opposition persists, and Bevan, ever resilient, was able to reassert his hold on Tuesday by a masterly debating performance.

The contrast between the hustings and the House bewilders new Members. The new Conservative type is a professional, trained by Woolton's machine, and he cannot understand the amateurish manœuvres of the generals. Should there not be consultation before the Leader proposes electoral reform or recklessly challenges a division? Are the Conservatives trying to bring the Government down or prepare the ground for a coalition? These are perplexing questions, and it is disappointing to these Members to find that debates are so flat and so quickly descend to minor details.

Conservative tactics make life awkward for the Liberals. Split in the ratio of seven to two, they have voted in three consecutive divisions against Labour, for Labour, and not at all. I suppose these permutations will have to go on unless two of their number decide to become National Liberals.

Stephen Swingler

Mr. Bevan's Housing Policy

HOUSING was probably the only election issue which lost the Government working-class votes. For this, ironically enough, the success of full employment was largely to blame. Security from dismissal and a regular wage packet have enormously enlarged the demand for houses which was already great in 1939 and which had been further expanded by bomb damage and the cessation of building during the war. So long as full employment is maintained and the Government keeps a proper balance among conflicting priorities, the demand for houses will always exceed supply. No less than six million would be required to provide a home, up to our new post-war standard, for every family in need. Socialist planning, in fact, involves a chronic housing shortage, just as the National Health Service involves a chronic shortage of hospital beds and the raising of the leaving age a chronic shortage of schools.

This paradox—that full employment means the end of "abundance" and that Fair Shares brings with it an era of scarcity—gave the Tory party their opportunity in the recent election. The salariat—indeed anyone who depends on a fixed income—was better off before the war when the slump produced heavy unemployment, low prices, and a long list of houses for sale. So were the Post Office and the railway workers, who were compensated for their low wages by the knowledge that, in a sheltered industry, their jobs were safe and that for this reason they could pay the weekly instalments on a new private enterprise house. It was not difficult for the Tories to win votes by promising these classes a return to a dispensation when the builder was free to build the houses which they needed. Few of those whose housing needs are desperate have the inclination to reflect that an abundance of cheap houses for sale can only be achieved by drastically reducing effective demand—that is by throwing enough people out of work or else making them so poor that they could not dream of buying a house.

Mr. Bevan was fully justified last Monday in exposing the cruel deception practised on the public by the Tory propagandists. To demand a drastic deflation, including cuts in expenditure of £500 million, and simultaneously to promise a vast new housing drive is a gross piece of political chicanery; and the Minister of Health had no difficulty in reducing his critics to a shamefaced silence. There was nothing new in his arguments, but they need repeating *ad nauseum* if the British public is to understand what the choice between the "rigidities" of full employment and the "elasticity" of deflation really involves. Indeed, in retrospect, we can see that it was a mistake not to allow Mr. Bevan to broadcast his devastating exposure of the Tories during the election campaign. Labour's housing policy has produced more houses since the war than that of any country except Sweden and better houses than that of any country including Sweden; and the vast majority of these houses have been allocated according to need, not length of purse. Housing indeed has so far been a far more successful demonstration of practical Socialism than any of the Government's experiments in nationalisation.

Yet the fact remains that for tens of thousands of families the chance of getting a new house in the next ten years is remote. In these circumstances it is not sufficient to demonstrate the immorality of Tory propaganda. What is needed—and what was not forthcoming on Monday—is a clear indication that the Government is not content with its record of achievement and is reviewing the application of its Socialist principles in the light of four years' practical experience.

The real criticism of Mr. Bevan is not that he has obstinately prevented private enterprise from building houses for sale, but that he has failed to execute his policy with sufficiently Socialist determination. The evidence for this was provided by Mr. Blenkinsop in his reply to Mr. Elliot. In 1949, 220,000 men were building houses, just 110,000 less than in 1938. On the other hand we have 175,000 more men to-day employed on maintenance and repairs than we had before the war. This is clearly the result of the decision to relax the rigorous control of repair and maintenance licences which followed the cuts in the housing programme. In order to prevent unemployment in the building industry—which might otherwise have resulted from the 1947 and 1949 cuts in the capital investment programme—Mr. Bevan has permitted a considerable part of the available labour force to be drained away from house building into repairs. The result of this decision can be seen in almost any central London street. Labour, which could be employed for building houses, is being used in order to "lift the face" of Whitehall and Belgravia. If the Government is to claim credit for a Socialist housing policy, then the policy should be really Socialist. It is a pity that Mr. Bevan last Monday failed to announce the reimposition of rigid controls on all repair work. For what really infuriates the voter is to see the cocktail bar being added to the hotel in the centre of his town while his family is homeless.

In the second place Mr. Bevan should take notice of one valid criticism made by Mr. Marples, a builder who knows what he is talking about. If we accept the principle that the local authorities should own and let ten out of each eleven houses built, then the local authority must be ready to make it as easy as possible for the builder who wins the tender. There is evidence that some city architects are unduly bureaucratic and hidebound in their adherence to the letter of specification, and that many others are unwilling to make use of the Ministry of Health's plan under which houses can be built by the builder on sites acquired by him, and then sold to the council. Mr. Bevan is right to castigate the speculative builder who was guilty of the pre-war rococo monstrosities. But he should also find time to admonish the local bureaucrat who discourages the honest builder. Probably a Minister of Housing could have done this more effectively than a Minister of Health charged with a crushing multiplicity of responsibilities. At any rate, a renewed Socialist housing drive demands, not only a restoration of the "crisis" capital cuts, but a lot of extra pressure by the Minister on laggard or obstructive local authorities.

Lastly there is the problem of quality. In 1945, Mr. Bevan, with the full support of all parties, decided to demand a better quality house than anything provided for working people before the war. But are the standards we are setting ourselves consistent either with our new poverty as a nation, which demands the strictest rationing of capital investment, or with the urgency of the housing need? Are two toilets and built-in cupboards a necessity? Is 30s. a week—the rent demanded to-day by some local authorities—a reasonable rent for a subsidised house? Of course, it is right to refuse to build the slums of the future. But have not the planners swung too far in the opposite direction? We suspect that the vast majority of those on the waiting lists of our great cities would prefer simpler accommodation at a lower rent, especially if this economy would increase the number of houses to be built in the next five years.

Our conclusion is that the general lines of Mr. Bevan's housing policy have been completely vindicated. But this is not enough. To satisfy a critical public opinion the Minister of Health must not be content to crush the Tories by force of argument. He should review his policy and remedy its defects in the light of Socialist principles.

Divided Belgium

THE Socialists who had packed the hall in the Brussels *Maison du Peuple*, singing lustily with the orchestra while they waited for the returns to come in, began to drift away about eleven o'clock on Sunday night. From the first results, it was clear that Leopold would have a small majority, and as the report spread that M. Spaak predicted just over fifty-five per cent. for the King, some of the younger people went out to look for royalist demonstrations in the streets. But Brussels was quiet. As I left the building, one of the guards sitting on a fire-hose said: "Nothing will happen to-night. The trouble will start if *they* try to bring the King back now."

Nobody believes that the voting in Sunday's *consultation nationale* was decisive. Since the Belgian Constitution does not allow for a referendum, this was no more than a large-scale and official Gallup Poll whose result binds no one. Belgium was merely asked to indicate, for the guidance of Parliament, whether or not it desired the King to return. Next, the Social Christians, who are the largest party and the only one seeking to bring back Leopold, do not have a majority and are in power by grace of a coalition with the Liberals, most of whom oppose the King as firmly as the Socialists and Communists. If the vote for the King had been overwhelming, the Liberals might have bowed to public opinion and acquiesced in his return; but his majority is so small that any attempt to

bring him back would almost certainly mean the departure of the Liberals from the Government. Lastly, the vote merely confirmed what most people already knew. Flanders is for the King, by more than two to one. Wallonia is almost equally against him, with particularly heavy majorities in the industrial districts. Brussels is almost evenly divided. Thus the vote was little more than a test of the relative strength of the Flemings and the Social Christians, on one side, and the anti-clerical Liberals, Socialists and Communists on the other.

Now this, as Leopold's opponents have pointed out, is in itself one of the strongest arguments for his abdication in favour of his son, Prince Baudouin. In a nation thus divided, one of the functions of the monarchy should be to serve as a unifying force, linking the Flemish and Walloon peoples. It is, moreover, essential that the King should be above party. But if Leopold should now return, he will come back as King, not of the Belgians, but of the Flemings and the Social Christian Party. By allowing himself to become identified so closely with one half of the nation, he has destroyed whatever confidence in him that still lingered among the other half. By forcing through this plebiscite, the Social Christians have not only destroyed the King's claim to be head of a united State; they have also made people ask whether this sharp division might not gravely embarrass Baudouin, should he become King.

But this plebiscite was only one more chapter in the unhappy story that began in May, 1940, when Leopold surrendered both himself and his army to the Germans. In the course of this political campaign, I have heard many different interpretations of the events that followed the capitulation; but the main facts are not disputed. Leopold refused to follow the Belgian Government into exile. From the moment he parted from his Ministers, he was constitutionally powerless, for no act of the King is valid unless counter-signed by a Minister. Yet, having capitulated and handed over to the Nazis intact the equipment of the Belgian Army, the King did not become a simple prisoner-of-war, as his partisans claim. He remained at Laeken, with sufficient freedom of action to make journeys to Austria and to Zoute, to visit his relations and stay at the home of a Haupsturmfuhrer in Bavaria. He married Lilian Baels, a commoner whose father had been removed from his post in 1940, by Leopold himself, for desertion in the face of the enemy, and whose brother was convicted for refusing to answer the call-up of the Government-in-exile; and on his marriage, Leopold received both congratulations and flowers from Hitler. If he remained behind "to share the fate of his army," his imprisonment was scarcely arduous. To make matters worse, on his marriage he resumed the German titles of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha that his father renounced in the first world war and conferred upon Lilian Baels the title of Princess de Rethy, the incognito of the late Queen Astrid. The marriage itself was a violation of Belgian law.

Leopold, all the evidence suggests, was convinced that the Allies had lost the war, and he sought to save what he could from the wreckage of 1940. When he visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden, he was not only seeking some amelioration of the conditions in Belgium and the release of war prisoners, but he also wanted to clarify the position of Belgium in Europe's New Order. No one denies that he desired the restoration of Belgian independence, that he persuaded the Nazis to leave the country under the "polite" military occupation of von Falkenhausen instead of appointing a Gauleiter, and that Belgium benefited materially from this policy.

The fact remains, however, that, even under the Nazi occupation, Leopold continued to play a political role, contrary to the Constitution that he swore to uphold on ascending the throne. Not once, throughout the war, did he convey any word of support or encouragement to the Government-in-exile. On the contrary, in his "political testament" of January, 1944, addressed to whoever might command Allied troops entering Belgium—and not to the legal Belgian Government—he demanded that the "men of London" make an *amende honorable* to him before they again assumed power in the country. Leopold's status as a prisoner-of-war, moreover, did not prevent him from maintaining contact, through his secretary, Count Capelle, with Poulet, Romsée and other leading collaborationists, nor did he repudiate the use of his name in the recruitment for the *Légion Wallonie*, sent to fight against the Russians. Finally, one of his closest advisers, without official status but with him at the moment of capitulation, was Henri de Man, the collaborator who remains in Switzerland with a twenty-year sentence hanging over his head.

If Leopold's intentions were good, the best that can be said is that his actions were unwise. Why, then, is the Social Christian Party so anxious for him to come back? Why should his supporters fanatically insist, as did my driver on the way to a royalist meeting, that "our king is a *hero*"? First, they have created a myth by which they are themselves partly deceived, that the King was a living symbol of defiance towards the Germans, that the comparatively good conditions in Belgium were due to his intervention, and that his policy was better for the country than continued resistance, at home and abroad. (It was actually an attempt to put together, in the middle of the war, the fragments of the neutrality policy that was shattered by the Nazi invasion.) Secondly, Leopold personifies the alliance of Throne and Altar, with its corporative and authoritarian undertones, which has a powerful emotional appeal to traditionalist sentiment.

But there are two much more important reasons. There were many collaborators in Belgium: there were many who, if they stopped short of enthusiastic support for the Nazis, none the less regarded the Resistance with distaste and were later somewhat tarred by the collaborationist brush. All these have a vested interest in Leopold's return. In the cleansing of the King's honour, they also would be cleansed. If he was right, then they too were right. It is from these two groups that the royalists drew their strong-arm squads, which patrolled the streets of Brussels and other towns at night, equipped with helmets and batons, tearing down anti-Leopold posters and beating up Socialists and Communitsts. In one town after another, it was necessary to mount a twenty-four-hour guard on Socialist, Communist and trade union offices. Joining with these fanatics of the Right, there is a substantial body of Catholic and conservative opinion which sees, in Leopold, the Man on the White Horse who alone can ensure the strong government Belgium needs to ward off Communism—by which they usually mean any progressive or trade union movement. The temper of the King's partisans was obvious to anyone who watched the arrival of Leopold's daughter, Princess Josephine, at Malsbroeck Airport, when the Social Christians put on a staged demonstration, bringing busloads of children escorted by nuns to shriek their heads off in hysterical chants of "Leopold! Leopold!"

Yet in spite of the money that was poured into the campaign by the Right, for all the expensive posters, sky-signs, street-chalking and patrolling loudspeaker vans—which swamped the much more modest propaganda of the anti-Leopold groups—the Social Christians only secured two per cent. more votes than the minimum that Leopold demanded "to cleanse his honour." This campaign was designed to stampede the country into reaction, and to pave the way for new elections in which the Social Christians hoped to secure an outright majority. It failed. But it also failed to settle the question one way or another. All the leaders of the anti-Leopold parties to whom I talked were convinced that the plebiscite would only sharpen the struggle between the Social Christians and their opponents. Certainly, the vote serves notice that if the King returns, there will be civil strife in Belgium. Even if he has wisdom enough to abdicate, now he has been "cleansed" by a nominal majority, his adherents will still try to press on with the reactionary policies of which he is now the symbol. Behind the façade of the royal question lie the realities of severe unemployment and economic difficulties. For the time being, the issue of the King has served as a distraction. But it has done Belgium no good: it has confused and divided the Belgians.

Brussels, March 13. NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

MR. JAMES CAMERON, whose article on the position of Sherwood and other pioneer schools appears in our columns this week, has resigned from the *Daily Express*. His differences with that newspaper came to a head with the notorious attack on Mr. Strachey in the Beaverbrook press. A letter, admirably and moderately explaining his attitude to the matter, appeared in *The Times* of Saturday, March 11th. Mr. James Cameron is not a member of any party; he has never met Mr. Strachey and has no special brief for him. His resignation was a matter of professional principle and his protest against "purge-by-press." Since the appearance of this letter, a rumour, obviously carefully fostered, has been going round that Mr. Cameron really resigned for other reasons; that he had parted from the *Express* before the attack on Mr. Strachey and, indeed, even before its stunt about Aneurin Bevan. I have seen a copy of Mr. Cameron's correspondence with the editor of the *Daily Express*. It does not bear out these rumours. Mr. Cameron did not resign in order to accept any other lucrative post; indeed, he resigned without any other post in mind. In the first letter

he tried to ease the parting by wrily blaming himself for no longer being able to "identify" himself with the paper's "technique." This was written after Mr. Cameron had read the *Evening Standard* of March 2nd. The second letter, delivered later on the same day (March 3rd), demanded his release from the *Express* imperatively in view of the editorial support which it had given to the *Evening Standard*.

The object of the whispering campaign would seem to be to destroy the effect of Mr. Cameron's letter to *The Times* and to give pause to other journalists who might have been thinking of coming out in support of Mr. Cameron's stand. For myself, I view this protest by a star reporter of the *Express* as a matter of the greatest importance. In talking about ways of dealing with the worst aspects of the popular press I have always thought the discovery of professional pride the best cure. No one suggests that journalists should form committees to decide the policy of the papers they write for; newspapers cannot be run that way. But that is no reason why journalists and journalists' organisations should not be encouraged and protected if members of a profession decide to prevent such headlines as "Fuchs and Strachey" appearing in any newspaper. That indeed was the very point of the Press Council proposed by the Royal Commission.

* * *

Until he was dropped from the Government, not many people realised the esteem in which Mr. W. Glanvil Hall was held by his colleagues. Certainly no other action of the Prime Minister's has caused such genuine personal concern. Will Hall made no pretensions to economic punditry; but when Parliament ended, he was one of the best-liked Ministers with a happy knack of persuading the Opposition to accept on trust from him things which more brilliant men would have spent hours in trying to argue on their merits. There is an obvious advantage for the Chancellor in the fact that Hugh Gaitskell now has a place as his economic adviser along with Douglas Jay. But for the life of me I cannot see what is gained by loading on to Jay's shoulders the routine Parliamentary work which Hall did so well and for which Jay has little inclination. As matters now stand, three Old Wykehamists, of eminent intellectual distinction, will carry between them the responsibility for the next Socialist budget. They have all the knowledge and capacity required for the job. But they will lack Will Hall's genial touch in handling both sides of the House which Hugh Dalton, when he was Chancellor, so skilfully used to atone for his own unpopularity with the Tories.

* * *

A friend who talked to Seretse Khama in his service flat off Haymarket this week describes him as modest and quiet in manner, putting his case with precision, where facts are concerned, and occasional dry humour. On two issues Seretse gave the lie direct—in the politest possible manner—to Mr. Gordon-Walker. These were the pressure brought by the S. African Government, which Seretse says was mentioned to him by the High Commissioner; and the verbal assurances by officials in Bechuanaland that he would be allowed to return from the London talks. Two new and rather weighty points arose in the conversation. In Seretse's opinion, the 5-year period of direct official rule over the Bamangwato is likely to prove permanent; indirect rule through chiefs is no longer regarded in London as a reliable instrument of power; and this change may set a new and dangerous precedent in Africa. Finally, when questioned about Mr. Gordon-Walker's remark that the tribe really consisted of 18,000 Bamangwato ruling over 82,000 men of other tribes, Seretse explained that there were indeed various sub-tribes on the Reserve, but that the leaders of each had been specially consulted and had supported him. He described this statement of the Minister as a divide-and-rule manœuvre and (with a smile) a threat to the unity of the tribe.

* * *

I am heartily in agreement with those who have written to express regret that the Peckham Health Centre should be closed down. It has done a most exciting pioneering job; attracted 1,200 visitors from abroad since the end of the war; been the subject of a Paul Rotha film made for the Foreign Office as an example to other countries; and far more important, meant a lot to the people of Peckham. It is natural enough for correspondents to be angry with the Government, the L.C.C. or someone else for not having somehow or other come in and paid for its war-time dilapidations and its large overdraft, as well as guaranteeing its very substantial running costs. Some of these critics, however, forget that the Peckham Centre, as it has been run, was in no sense a Health Centre as envisaged by the Bevan Act, since it had no organisation for dealing with ill-health. It has been a pioneer Community Centre which, as one of its functions, tried to promote health. The ideal would seem to be to combine the functions of the Community Centre with those of the Health Centre. I do not by any means despair of this extremely desirable synthesis being achieved.

* * *

No one expects the Prime Minister to receive Mr. Pritt's Peace Committee. But the alternative to considering a Communist peace is surely to tell us his own ideas on the subject. At present the following propositions are unchallenged. An arms race with atomic missiles is proceeding between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. It threatens, especially if H-bombs are used, to destroy our world and in any case would end civilised life on this thickly populated and indefensible island. Yet the suggestion advanced by Senator MacMahon and others of seeking a general economic and strategic truce with Russia is ruled out as "dangerous." American bombers are using Britain as an air base, thereby making certain our destruction when the arms race ends in war. What then is the Government's policy?

* * *

I often ask myself whether journalism is a profession in its own right or merely a branch of the oldest profession. Among the sources of information on this point I recommend a recently published book which has been much too little reviewed. Hamilton Fyfe is a spritely survivor from an earlier period of journalism. He went through the early days with Northcliffe, and his *Sixty Years of Fleet Street* (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.), is packed with entertaining stories. He recalls how Kennedy Jones, one of Northcliffe's henchmen, said to John Morley, the scholar-statesman: "You left journalism a profession; we have made it a branch of commerce." He discusses the change of journalistic status during a long life in Fleet Street. At the end of the book he quotes a verse written by Lord Russell of Killowen:

> If you would keep the stream of truth
> Unpolluted, limpid, clear,
> You must dam the Beaverbrook
> And cleanse the Rothermere.

* * *

The era of television, the next stage in evolution towards the ultimate goal of "the Technicolor-tele-feelies in every home," is clearly upon us. I was surprised to learn from canvassers in the elections how many people with comparatively small incomes now run to television. One friend made extensive inquiries and was informed that in many cases husbands and wives are buying television sets on the instalment plan at the rate of a pound a week, which is about what they saved by giving up their convivial Saturday evening at the pub. A taxi-driver began to tell me the other day how excellent something or other had been on the television. I said: "You are lucky to have been able to run to television. I have not been able to afford a set yet." He replied: "But then I don't run to taxis."

CRITIC

SO WHAT?

"The estimates were discovered to have been under-estimated."
—Sir Stafford Cripps, March 14th.

The House the Supplementaries debates,
The lucid Chancellor elucidates—
It is definitely stated
Health costs were under-rated
Through under-estimated estimates—
They under-estimated estimates.

But five-and-forty millions in excess
Are the measure of the Service's success;
State hospitalisation
Is a credit to the nation,
And only the finance is in a mess.

Economy henceforth will be the goal,
With budgetary limits for the whole,
The total cost of healing
Will be underneath a ceiling,
And the ceiling under Treasury control.

State enterprises never tried before
Inevitably cost a little more.
The estimators' under-
Estimating is no wonder,
They only take the ceiling for the floor.

State beneficiaries must agree
That medical attention costs no fee,
The healing of the State is
Donated free and gratis,
Though nothing is so dear as what is free.

Extravagance the State repudiates,
And the ceiling of expenditure dictates;
An opportune discovery
Will expedite recovery
In newly estimated estimates—
They under-estimated estimates.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mrs. ——— said that Mrs. ———, on Christmas Eve, left Mr. —— alone like a dog, with only his pyjamas.—Report of court case in *News Chronicle*. (R. S. MacLeod.)

Actually only a small section of Moss Side, and that at one end, is tainted with immorality, and its location should be indicated to the public.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (A. F. Philp.)

"———" Scarf for Holy Year is the only scarf authorised by the Vatican and signed by His Holiness the Pope . . . Fine rayon crepe-de-chine at 49s. 6d., or on pure surah tie-silk at 69s. 6d.—Advt. in *Sunday Times*. (Sylvia Tennant.)

To-day clothes no longer divide the masses from the classes . . . By putting good clothes within the reach of all ——— have made Democracy a living force.—Advert. in *Daily Herald*. (Ruth Langford.)

I often think what fun it must be to be on the staff at Buckingham Palace. How proud you'd be to think that if it wasn't for you Princess Margaret wouldn't have had that boiled egg.—Article in *Woman*. (Rachael M. Simpson.)

A milk bar director applying at Warrington yesterday for a music and singing licence for a juke box said he would accept any conditions provided the Bench did not specify chamber music.—*Daily Herald*. (W. Slater.)

Cold Civil War in France

It wasn't so very cold, either! Four ushers of the National Assembly had to be treated at the infirmary for "severe injuries," M. de Menthon, Parliamentary leader of the M.R.P., had to take to bed "with internal injuries," and M. Arthaud, a Communist, had been knocked out through being repeatedly kicked—to use the polite expression—*dans le bas-ventre*. The debate—if it may be called that—on the Bidault Bill against sabotage and "demoralisation of the army," went on almost without a break for nearly three solid days and nights, and some ten hours out of the sixty were taken up with what the *Journal Officiel* calls "*Tumulte*"—i.e., free fights, complete with the invasion of the Assembly by 200 Republican Guards, the "occupation" of the tribune, despite protests from the Speaker, by a number of Communist deputies, and the forcible expulsion of two of them for twenty days. "The Communists have put themselves beyond the pale of Parliament," the *Figaro* declared on Friday. It also wrote an editorial to the effect that the "disgraceful scenes" in the National Assembly should finally convince the last supporters of the present P.R. system—notably M. Bidault's M.R.P.—that a new election law must be agreed upon which would cut down the number of Communist Deputies to a handful.

It seems to me that practically the whole foreign press was so thrilled with these funny Frenchmen kicking each other around in Parliament that it wrote practically about nothing else. Yet the three-day debate was, in reality, one of the most important that ever took place at the National Assembly—and the fact that *voyou*, *crétin*, *dégénéré* and similar epithets were not only freely exchanged by the Communists and the other deputies, but even hurled at the Speaker, was only a by-product of the discussion itself. This dealt with many fundamentals—with the attitude of the French people to the Atlantic Pact and to the war in Viet-Nam; with the burning question of strikes and wages, with such fundamental issues, singularly reminiscent of the Dreyfus Case, as the Government's right to withhold information for "reasons of State"—this apropos the Revers *affaire*. There had clearly been an attempt, on the part of M. Ramadier, then Minister of War, to hush up the scandal which would compromise "certain high officers of the French Army," not only in the eyes of the French public, but, above all, in the eyes of France's allies. "Important talks were going on in Washington at the time, and we could not very well. . . ." And such hushing-up is alleged to be continuing.

There is no doubt that the Communists represent, in a sense, the interests of Moscow, and one of the significant features of the debate was the fact that they made no secret of it. As one of them said: "Yes, it is quite true that, just as in the past progressive men used to say: '*J'ai deux patries, la mienne et puis la France*,' so to-day every progressive man with the interests of his own country at heart, has two countries, his own and the Soviet Union." The Communists are playing Moscow's game. And yet, while doing so, they were bringing out argument after argument which was highly embarrassing to the rest of the Assembly, and often produced no response other than the usual cries of "*A Moscou!*" "*Salauds!*" "*Vendus!*" and the like. A speech like M. Patinaud's on the present level of French wages—a speech in which he showed that a very high proportion of wage-earners were being paid less than 10,000 francs (i.e., £10) a month, and that the French working class was getting a raw deal, produced, despite some obvious exaggerations, no reasoned reply from the Government or its followers.

Is there, indeed, an answer to Patinaud's allegation that many old people receive an old-age pension of 30s. a month? Or that certain dockers, who had refused to load arms for Viet-Nam, had had their dockers' cards taken away from them by the police, and had so been deprived of their livelihood? Or that the highly-paid C.R.S. troops—continuously referred to by the Communists as the S.S.—tended to provoke strikers and so produced unnecessary incidents and clashes? On the other hand, the Communists were strictly on the wrong side of the law when they were glorifying certain acts of "sabotage."

Nothing is easier than to demonstrate that the Communists defend various kinds of indiscipline and riotous behaviour, and demand guarantees of democratic freedom (notable was their protest against the confiscation by the police of various Communist papers, e.g. in the Charente) which would not, even in one's wildest dreams, be tolerated or granted in Stalin's Russia. But is that the point? Their argument that in a non-capitalist society French rules did not apply, and that the Soviet Government was quite right to send to labour camps saboteurs of the Socialist order, was particularly weak; but the fact remains that much of their criticism was valid criticism, and that there was no lack of eloquence when it came to showing that they (the "Moscow" Communists) were following in the footsteps of the *grands ancêtres*. Just as they quoted effectively in a recent debate on Viet-Nam all the anti-colonial arguments used in the past against Jules Ferry *le Tonkinois*, so now, in the debate on the anti-sabotage law, they claimed to be merely continuing the battle, fought around 1894 over the *lois scélérates* against the Anarchists of the time by Socialists like Jaurès and Radicals ("they were still Radicals in those days") like Léon Bourgeois and Camille Pelletan. They naturally also made the most of their resistance record (and it is true that most of the Communist Deputies are men with a fine record) and also of the fact that they are about the only party of which not a single member's name appears among those who received hospitality from M. Van Co, the Paris agent of Bao Dai.

How much ice does this crystal purity of the Communists really cut? Perhaps not much. But—Moscow or no Moscow—they have a strong case when it comes to criticising the French policy in Viet-Nam or to showing up the low wages paid to a large part of the French working class, or the slum conditions at St. Denis. The real tragedy of France is that the Communists' motives are profoundly suspect, and yet they, and not the Socialists, are the men who speak up boldly in defence of "good causes." Will the electorate turn against them, and will they lose their hold on the French working class? M. Paul Reynaud, now in America, has been cheerfully telling his hosts that the Communists will "disappear" in France. But will they—if no other powerful Left-wing Party takes their place? No doubt, the anti-sabotage law, as amended by the Socialists, provides, in the words of the Minister of Justice, a legal weapon for dealing with certain "cold war" stunts, invented by the Communists, such as the interference with the shipment of arms to Viet-Nam and with the unloading of American arms in France—stunts which are not covered by legislation, other than certain emergency war-time laws, which carry the death penalty.

What is worrying not only Communist but also all Left-wing opinion, is the question how this and other laws are going to be applied. There was some truth in the Communist criticism that the free use of C.R.S. troops in dealing with strikers was apt to lead to incidents, and to turn almost any professional strike into a political strike—the idea being that "political" strikes are, somehow, illegal. The experience of the last few days has not been very reassuring. When a strike was called—by all the three Trade Union Federations, one Communist, but the other two not—in the Paris gas and light industry, the Govern-

ment promptly commandeered the workers of the power stations, and virtually broke the strike, even though it was essentially non-political—some of the workers earning a mere 11,000 frs. (£11) a month, and naturally wanting their extra £3. As for the Metro strike, it broke down owing to lack of co-ordination between the different trade unions. The Communist C.G.T. are now denouncing the "treason" of the Socialist and Catholic trade union leaders.

Wherever possible, this Government naturally intends to make the greatest use of the differences between the various unions; but there also appears to be an alarming tendency to treat all strikers as "Communist agitators," "flunkeys of Moscow," and as "Enemy No. 1." *Figaro* generously agrees that those earning only £6 a month ought to be given a rise, but, apart from that, the Bidault Government is firm in its opposition to an all-round rise, and is not encouraging the employers to be generous. *Franc-Tireur* sounds the alarm when it says that the Government and the press are doing their utmost to misrepresent all strikers as a lot of unpatriotic scoundrels. Despite all the nice speeches made in London at the time of Auriol's visit, French democracy is becoming singularly unlike British democracy, with its "fair shares" policy. The bourgeoisie's hatred of Communism is often only a label for their hatred of the working class.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, March 12.

The Oil Dispute

II.—THE EFFECT

IN the previous article I concluded that one had only to marvel at the soaring output of the prolific new oilfields of the Middle East to be astonished at the reasonableness of the British case for the substitution of surplus sterling oil for dollar oil in the sterling area. Between 1945 and 1948 the British-Dutch share of the Middle East production had increased by 10 million tons. Yet all that the British Government proposes to substitute in 1950 is 4 million tons, and that is only 5 per cent. of the total volume of oil sold by the sterling companies in the year. Clearly, the substitution must steadily increase, for the British-Dutch share of the planned expansion of the Middle East oilfields will add over 35 million tons by 1953. Here is the writing on the wall:—

Middle East Crude Oil Output
(Million Metric Tons)

	1948	*1952*	*1953*
British-Dutch Cos.	31.4	61.1	66.5
U.S. Companies ..	23.6	50.3	56.9
French, etc. ..	0.9	4.3	6.3
Total ..	55.9	115.7	129.7

It must be confessed that oil has been costing us far too much in terms of dollars. Oil is the largest single item in the dollar payments of the sterling area. It is estimated at no less than $625 millions for 1950. This huge total is made up of $350 millions for direct imports of oil from American companies (about 13 million tons) and $275 millions for the net dollar cost of the sterling oil companies' operations. This latter figure seems high, but the sterling oil companies market about 80 million tons a year, and their production is mainly outside the British Commonwealth, costing a large amount of dollars in royalties, equipment and wages. Indeed, the figure of $275 millions is arrived at after crediting dollar receipts of $260 millions. Only 15 per cent. of so-called "sterling oil"* is actually produced in the sterling area.

It seems to me extraordinary that the American oil companies should ever have objected to the substitution of only 4,000,000 tons of sterling oil in 1950. In the first place, they are aware how hard we have been pressed by Washington to balance our dollar account, and for that reason to substitute, whenever possible, purchases from sources which cost less dollars for those which cost more. Thus, in 1949, the percentage of our imports of food and feeding stuffs from dollar sources was only 19 per cent against 34 per cent in 1947. In oil, the comparable percentages were 52 per cent. in 1947 and 37 per cent. in 1949. The value of imports rose from £41 millions to £43 millions.

In the second place, the American oil exporters must know very well that, if it had not been for Marshall Aid, much of their sales of dollar oil in Western Europe would already have disappeared, at least in terms of dollars. Equally, if it had not been for Marshall Aid, Britain would have had to take earlier and more drastic steps to curtail its dollar oil imports and to re-orientate the trade of British oil companies at home and overseas.

Thirdly, the E.R.P. administration has helped—with a relatively small allocation of dollars—the British, Dutch and French oil companies to expand their refineries in Europe and to go ahead with an agreed expansion of their oil trade. The British Government fully disclosed its oil expansion programme in its *Economic Surveys*. For example, it revealed that our programme for the extension of refineries would cost £125 millions and would increase our refining capacity up to 20 million tons a year. Our inland consumption (excluding bunkers) was planned to increase by 38 per cent. to 18.4 million tons by 1952/53. It was also disclosed that the world production of crude oil by sterling companies would increase from 66 million tons in 1948 to 106 million tons in 1953, and total refining capacity from 63 million to 94.8 million tons. What was all this intended for, if not to make ourselves more independent of dollar oil supplies?

The American oil companies should be grateful that we are not proposing to substitute sterling oil for dollar oil to the extent justified by the huge increase in sterling crude oil production but only to the extent justified by the increase in our refinery capacity, which is at the rate of about 5 per cent. per annum, or less than the annual pre-war increase in consumption. In other words, they should appreciate that we do not propose to disturb the present sale of dollar crude oil to the sterling area, although this is costing us about $100 millions this year. The British oil companies could produce sufficient quantities of crude oil to replace this dollar supply.

In the recent oil talks in Washington our Ambassador went out of his way to express regret that, as a result of "good" private enterprise, the British oil companies were now faced with a potential refinery output in excess of the immediate demands of their customers. He undertook to see that the amount of substitution did not exceed 4 million tons in any year during the continuance of Marshall Aid. This total will be distributed—another convenience for the Americans—as follows: motor spirit, 750,000 tons; kerosene, 150,000 tons; gas-diesel oil, 500,000 tons; and fuel oil, 2,400,000 tons, the value at current prices being about $70 millions. (The net dollar saving is between $50 and $60 millions.) The Ambassador further assured the American oil companies that our aim was not to provide an expanding or protected market inside the sterling area for the products of British-controlled oil companies as such. It was merely to save dollars. We were substituting British companies' oil, not because it was British, but because it cost us less dollars. If a better way could be found to achieve the same results, we would consider it sympathetically. Could the Ambassador have done more without grovelling indecently? Yet the talks are to be resumed in London, so sensitive are we to American big business.

A lot of misunderstanding might have been avoided if the parties to the dispute had been able to talk the same language. Unfortunately, the English of the Americans was that of the unrestricted entrepreneur who can only think in terms of price and profit. The English of the British officials was the technical "officialese" of the Whitehall planners who have to think in terms of import control and dollar balances. Nothing was more pathetic than the attempt of the British officials to sell an "incentive scheme" to the American business men. The object of the scheme was to give them an immediate incentive to reduce the dollar content of their oil imports. The method proposed was to allow the Americans to import more into the sterling area if they increased the amount of their sterling expenditures on equipment, stores and services. The idea was that the American companies by switching their expenditure from dollar to non-dollar sources would themselves provide the dollar finance required to maintain and expand their sterling area trade. A most worthy scheme; but it seemed complicated to Americans, who could only think of incentives in terms of profit and dividend.

The British Government must clearly stick to its oil substitution programme and extend it in future years. It need not be scared by the American talk of an oil war. The big companies which are engaged in international trade would suffer, not gain, from one; and gone are the days when an independent oil "buccaneer" could start price-cutting if debarred from the British market. The oil import trade into Britain has long been controlled by Government licence. Actually the only American company seriously affected by this substitution is the Anglo-American, subsidiary of the Standard Oil of New Jersey. This company is already trying to reduce

* Sterling oil is oil produced by a company whose ownership and control lie with residents of the sterling area. By arrangement with Holland the Royal Dutch-Shell group is treated as sterling.

the dollar content of its imports by buying Iranian oil for its Fawley refinery on Southampton water. When the huge extensions to this refinery now being built are completed in a year or two, the Anglo-American will be able to pick up the trade which it may temporarily have to curtail through sterling oil substitution.

In spite of Mr. Hoffman's statement that the E.C.A. is withholding further finance for refinery expansion by British oil companies anywhere in the world, the comparatively small dollar allocations to the two big British refineries at Llandarcy and Shellhaven are not to suffer. The ban affects only two out of four refinery projects in Europe. For this we may be grateful, but we cannot accept the doctrine, which would run counter to sound economics, that Marshall dollars should be used to import American crude or refined oil but not to finance refinery or oilfield equipment. Marshall Aid was intended to make us less, not more, dependent on American supplies.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

So They Say . . .

FOR the visit of the French president and his wife, last week, Fleet Street managed to work up a certain amount of *esprit cordiale*—even though they didn't all abandon themselves to the same extent as the *Daily Mail*: LONDON GOES CRAZY OVER AURIOL.

The Arrival

Daily Worker, March 8:

A FAINT "BLIP"—IT'S THE PRESIDENT.

He was first sighted as a faint "blip" on the radar screen of *H.M.S. Wizard* in mid-Channel. . . . At a banquet at the Palace later in the evening M. Auriol ate consommé, salmon, spring chicken, salad, ice-cream, and pastries. He was illuminated by one hundred wax candles. . . .

The Star, March 7:

. . . the Queen, through an interpreter, chatted with Mme Auriol. . . .

Daily Graphic, March 8:

One of the first questions Mme Auriol asked the Queen, as they talked in French, was about Princess Margaret. . . .

The Crowd Dispersed Quickly

Daily Graphic, March 8:

Time—10.55 last night . . . outside the floodlit Palace gates, a 60,000 crowd shouting . . . the King and Queen and President and Mme Auriol appear . . .

Daily Express, March 8:

By 11 o'clock there were still 10,000 to cheer the King and Queen when they came on to the balcony with President and Mme Auriol. . . .

In the City

Daily Mirror, March 9:

"Vive la France," shouted a Mrs. Mopp who stood next to me . . . "Makes a nice change, don't it?" she added, waving her umbrella. "'Specially after all that there election lark."

Daily Worker, March 9:

M. Auriol . . . embraced the Lord Mayor . . . and kissed him on both cheeks. Sir Frederick, who is a 75-year-old chartered accountant from Taunton, started back in some surprise. The assemblage applauded sympathetically. . . .

At the Ballet

Daily Mirror, March 10:

As tiaras rose like daffodils and boiled shirts straightened to greet [the royal party] at . . . Covent Garden, a line of women stood alone—unescorted. They were the "Iron and Steel Widows"—wives of Cabinet Ministers and M.P.s who had to stay in the House of Commons to vote in the big division.

Evening News, March 10:

THERE WAS GLORY IN THE "GARDEN."

It was a cosy feeling, too, to watch M. ("Papa") Auriol. The audience adored every gesture—the glistening eyes, touching his heart, blowing kisses . . . Commissionaire Robert Leigh spotted [a new arrival] . . . the stocky figure paused, shook hands . . Leigh turned to a fellow commissionaire. "Shake my hand. It's still warm from the old man." (Mr. Churchill himself.) . . . At the end of the evening, the orchestra boomed out "The Marseillaise" and "God Save the King." Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, standing motionless, quietly sang together—a duet in an audience of 1,800. . . .

Someone's Groggy

Evening Standard, March 9:

Round Five of the Great French Fashion Contest was held last night . . . the Fashion "battle" is on whenever Madame Auriol and Madame Massigli appear in public, dress-conscious women weighing up the points. . . . Round Six was . . . at the Houses of Parliament this afternoon. . . .

Evening Standard, March 10:

Round Six was held at the ballet in Covent Garden last night. . . .

Interpreter, Please

Daily Express, March 9:

Mr. Morrison . . . jabbed a finger at the Exhibition sign: "Not a bad trade-mark, eh?" "Comment?" asked the President . . . Mr. Morrison dredged for words. "It's symbolique, see?" The President saw. His face creased in smiles. "Ah, bon. Bon, bon, bon."

Evening Standard, March 10:

President Auriol talked about Prince Charles when . . . he arrived [at Calais] . . . "C'est un bébé charmant," he said—He is a charming baby. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

Progressive Schools

FROM the moment when the principle was affirmed, in the name of several million growing and ungrateful little democrats, that education is a right and not a privilege, and that the abolition of class-in-the-classroom is an end in itself, there grew one curiously perverse paradox.

First to suffer from the new liberalising trend have certainly not been the public schools (still manipulating waiting-lists with circumspect adroitness, like a queue in Fortnum's) and by no means the exclusive prep-schools (with even more fretfully-disputing applicants). The first real victims of Progress are, in fact, the Progressives. It is a characteristic new-age anomaly, expressing the dilemma of so many people of good will, caught off-balance in a transitional social phase.

The case of Sherwood (to which attention is drawn in a letter published on another page of this issue) symbolises a growing tendency. Sherwood, a modest enclave of individuality in suburban Surrey, is after twenty years on the point of collapse. It has a capacity of a hundred children; with that complement it could keep going. There are in fact eighty-three. The shortage of seventeen is precisely the critical point in its economics; in these conditions the school cannot be maintained and eighty-three children will be dispersed in various degrees of difficulty and disturbance. It is not an especially remarkable economic phenomenon. It does, however, crystallise the problem all, or almost all, English progressive schools will be up against before long.

There may be one or two factors peculiar to Sherwood—an unpropitious situation from the social-neighbourhood point of view, a particularly narrow financial margin, a burdensome repairing lease—but Sherwood-trouble undoubtedly threatens all those independent schools that are neither State-aided nor buttressed by social reputations. Some of these we could well afford to lose. Nevertheless, the gradual disappearance of those fifteen or twenty schools that have made long and thoughtful experiments into the liberation of teaching is not a thing any enlightened Ministry of Education could conceivably want.

The basic causes are pretty simple—a general increase in costs that cannot be matched by raising fees from already harassed parents, competition offered by State schooling both on financial and conscientious grounds, the absence of any kind of official support, no powerful and articulate corporate organisation. The kind of families that have always tended to support progressive schools cannot possibly pay public school charges; the parents who want to buy their children the cachet of a "name" school usually tend to have conservative ideas. So Sherwood prepares to close, its headmaster faces a dismal load of personal debt, and eighty-three children look forward to an abrupt switch of background at the exact time when it will do them least good.

This seems without doubt to be part of a general picture. Dartington is likely to escape; its foundation is robust enough to support it and its reputation wide enough to have an important appeal. The others, in general, cannot compete for long with a State-aided system on the one hand and a public school mythology on the other. The adoption of the Burnham scale for teachers, plus the annual increments and a 6½ per cent. superannuation have enormously swollen the costs. The situation can usually only be met by a heavy good will-sacrifice on the teacher's part. At Sherwood, for example, the staff have long worked for their keep, *plus* an honorarium for pocket-money. A vocation is all very well for monks and hermits and other socially non-co-operative professions, but a man or woman who is an integral part of the community has a right to ask the rate for the job.

The problem cannot always be met by Parents' Co-operatives and similar forms of palliative divvying-up. Most progressive schools are run as communities, but the financial responsibility usually rests on one or two anxious individuals, coping with balance-sheets and curricula and obviously getting less and less time and peace of mind to get on with their real job, which is creating souls.

The task may soon become impossible unless

the Government puts the progressive schools on an equal footing with its own schools, or approximately. The question is this: why should it? The mood to-day is to shift the whole social emphasis *from* the independent enterprise. The process of sharing-round is not, in spite of the good old crusted argument, a process of levelling-down, but by and large of levelling-up; nevertheless, it means that a few peaks are flattened, a few high spots eliminated, a few good things lost.

The progressive schools are, after all, the research laboratories of the educational system. State education, which is liberal and enlightened to a degree that would have been fantastic fifteen years ago, owes a great deal to the experimental work of the independent pioneers. If they are to be written off in the general adjustment, the State will lose, as it would lose if the National Coal Board wrote off all independent research into geology.

The Ministry could, one feels, help these schools in a large measure by, say, contributing a sum for each child equal to that saved by his not being educated by the State, and (possibly or) making money spent on their fees income-tax free. But how, the Ministry asks, do we discriminate? Every independent school in the country, dame-schools to Mock-Malvern and Sedbergh-Surrogate, would claim to be as progressive as hell, to grab the subsidy. So would the denominational schools, the Catholic schools, and the *avant-gardistes* who instil the principles of democracy strictly in the goddam-and-fornication-at-five tradition. Of course, determination would have to be the responsibility of the Minister, who has excellent resources of examination in his Inspectors—who, as most progressive headmasters will readily admit, are far more tolerant and understanding than most people believe.

The whole thing is probably too big for the County Council Education authorities, who already show wide varieties of attitude to pioneer schools—the disposal of maladjusted children, for instance. But an enlightened Minister, sufficiently broad in his Socialism not to regard progressive schools instinctively as repositories of class privilege, could do a tremendous amount to save these places at practically unnoticeable overall cost. For every one he closes he will get an overflow into his already overburdened State schoolroom, to be a charge on the State. For every one he saves he will, I believe, be well rewarded in the crop of potentially valuable human beings.

He will have to recognise that a school can be progressive and not revolutionary, democratic and not anarchical. He will have to be highly flexible in some requirements and rigidly exacting in others, a very proper condition anyway. He will, for one thing, have to insist that properly documented records of purely educational research work are kept. He will have to accept the principle that nationalised education permits of variants, just as every other State concern that is not going to strangle development in toils of well-intentioned conformity.

JAMES CAMERON

Full particulars of Postal, Air Mail and Air Express Subscription Rates are given on Page 324

The Arts and Entertainment

BRITTEN'S SPRING SYMPHONY

SINCE the reader finds it hard to make out from "judicious" criticism whether he is reading about a decent, solid bit of workmanship, or about something fresh and dazzling and Parnassus-storming, let me avoid all ambiguity and state my conviction that in his *Spring Symphony* Benjamin Britten has composed a masterpiece—and, to be more precise, an *adorable* masterpiece.

The works of art which belong to that rare category (I don't mean to imply that it is the highest) are those which celebrate, with a certain gaiety, simplicity and innocence, the beauty of the visible world, and the sweetness and goodness that can exist, despite all obstacles, in human relationships and human behaviour. To this garden many unexpected artists (for example, Dickens and Wagner) have possessed a key which they occasionally use; Renoir lived deep in its heart; so did Schubert; so did Traherne and Marvell and the youthful Wordsworth. But in our own time, like the Paradise Garden in Delius's opera, it has become disused and overgrown. Contemporary artists, almost to a man, have turned their backs on the notion of happiness. It is not from sheer cussedness that they have done this; the human race is passing through a black valley, and we need hardly wonder if the most sensitive spirits find it hardest to forget our plight. Nevertheless, is there not something of a cult about the ferocity, violence and despair of most contemporary art? Gaiety, it seems, won't do; happiness is out of fashion.

At no time in his career has Britten hesitated to examine the darkest aspects of our nature and environment. *Peter Grimes* is not a cheerful work; nor need we expect happiness to be the dominant note of *Billy Budd*. But he has never feared to depict a radiant innocence of heart; think only of the *Ceremony of Carols*, of *Rejoice in the Lamb*, or of the birth of Saint Nicolas. And now, in this *Spring Symphony*, he has looked at nature and man with a fresh, loving and trustful eye, and discovered how to communicate to thousands his intense delight at the spectacle. He has constructed, more firmly than ever before, that bridge of which Sean O'Faolain wrote the other day, in a revealing phrase—"that bridge, which every artist longs for, between the loneliness of his private dreams and the gaiety of the public square." The success of this achievement could be measured, in crude terms, by the packed Albert Hall and the warm, spontaneous, personal quality of the applause. No one need fear that the composer has in any way compromised his artistic integrity or written down to please a large, popular audience. The Symphony is full of tunes, but they are the sort of tunes which for a long time will elude our memory. This elusiveness is partly a consequence of the composer's Purcellian freedom of rhythm and bar-line, partly of the sometimes almost paradoxical boldness of his harmony; like most of his work, the Symphony is firmly anchored in the diatonic scale, but the colours that glance off the surrounding waves are kaleidoscopic and bewildering. The rhythms lollop or dance, but they are never square or obvious; the orchestration is full of strange noises which give delight and hurt not. If I may repeat a sentence which I wrote after the first performance in Holland last July: "everything is as clean as a whistle; the colours have a medieval gaiety, the feeling a direct Chaucerian freshness." From the score (which Boosey and Hawkes have just published at fifteen shillings) we can see that every page is full of ingenuities which are also inspirations; we long to pick them out on the piano, explore their secrets and decide why something so apparently simple should again and again, prove so various, evocative and suggestive. We must, I think, firmly part company from those sincere but misguided persons who find Britten merely imitative and eclectic. His signature appears all over the work: in the cut of the melodies with their dipping fifths and minor thirds, the delight in arpeggio figuration, the sharp tang of major seconds and sevenths in the harmony, the love of a shimmering harp background, the scattering, diffused conclusions, and the vigorous rhythms suddenly dropped and suddenly resumed. In this work he has brought his personal idiom to full and splendid fruition.

Unfortunately, the performance, as a whole, failed to match the brilliance, shapeliness and clarity of the conception. Though I heard the Dutch performance only by radio, I feel certain that it was superior. The cuckoo calls in the Spenser piece sang out more accurately, I think, from the Concertgebouw brass than from the L.P.O.; the Dutch singers were surely bolder in attack and firmer in intonation. Nor could the little Lambeth boys match the naughty, raucous glee which came over so unforgettably from their opposite numbers in Holland; and when they whistled, alas they hit on different pitches, so that we heard a smudge, instead of a brilliant streak high up in the blue sky. Joan Cross, Anne Wood and Peter Pears sang the plentiful solo music in perfect style (Mr. Pears was particularly good in the ravishing Barnfield song), but the Albert Hall often defeated them by its vastness, and much of the lovely detail got lost. Between the first English performance and the studio repeat on Monday next, I hope that Eduard van Beinum will have insisted on a good deal of careful rehearsal. Certainly we shan't hear this Symphony as it should be heard until we get our new Concert Hall. And when we do, nothing in the whole repertory would make a better choice for the inaugural concert.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TWO NEW PLAYS

MR. GILLIE, the eponymous hero of Mr. Bridie's new play at the Garrick, is a village schoolmaster who ends his days with very little to show for it all. "As one failure to another," the drunken doctor says to him at the height of their quarrel. But there are failures and failures; and Mr. Bridie sets out to show that his failure is a kind of success. True, Mr. Gillie's pupils have noticeably failed to win any bursaries. And, true, Mr. Gillie's first novel sold only five hundred copies and his second failed to find a publisher. But Mr. Gillie is not in the common run. He doesn't value success as the education authorities value it; and he is only too aware of his literary limitations. What he does value is the divine spark of talent, and when he spots it in his pupils he rushes to fan the glow into a flame. It would be here that failure if it came would really hurt. His previous efforts in this direction have not exactly come off.

When the play opens two fresh protégés are being pushed out into life, a pit-boy poet and the violin-playing daughter of the drunken doctor. They make a pair. Indeed, they have anticipated Mr. Gillie's ambition for them. They have secretly married and are boarding a bus for London this very night. There they are to live Mr. Gillie's ambitions vicariously. And he needs

success of some sort just now, for before they leave the chairman of the education committee has entered to tell him that his school is being closed down, his headmastership is declared redundant and that the authorities don't propose to find him another, though they offer some sort of poor alternative which he contemptuously rejects. Six months pass. The school has closed and Mr. Gillie is pottering along with his unsuccessful writing when suddenly up drive his two protégés in an expensive motor. Yes, they have made a great success of life in London. Only as the boy's flash shoulder-padded suit and the girl's even flashier lemon dress instantly show, it is the wrong kind of success. Mr. Gillie has failed again.

Such is the outline of *Mr. Gillie*, and it will be seen at once that it is full of possibilities. Mr. Bridie has not, this time, made the very most of his material. But that does not mean that he has failed to provide a characteristically entertaining evening. He can always be relied upon to light up his scenes with frequent flashes of wit, comic invention and the clash of points of view. He contrives brilliant individual scenes and always produces one or two original characters. The scene in the second act here, where the schoolmaster deflates the young blood who has been trying to put over his worldliness on him, is vintage. And it is beautifully worked up to and played by Mr. George Cole (who establishes a nice contrast between the pit boy and the spiv he grows into) and Mr. Alastair Sim (whose part otherwise calls for a good deal of understated dumb show. Excellently done, but too much of it for my liking). The superb character is Mr. Gibb, the chairman of the education committee. He is the complete epitome of the professionally good, trotting out his battered platitudes one after the next as if each was a moral discovery. Mr. Ronald Adam is quite remarkably funny in this part, pointing every bromide with his eyebrows and switching on for each of them a bright vacant beam of a smile.

But taken all in all the play is carelessly put together and the parts are better than the whole. The charming acting of Miss Megs Jenkins as the schoolmaster's wife and Mr. Gordon Mcleod as the doctor, cannot conceal the thinness of imagination that has gone to the conception of their parts. The pressure is often low, and always uneven. The modes—fantasy and reality—are uneasily mixed. The idea was good enough, one couldn't help feeling all the way through, it deserved to have more work put into it. Second-grade Bridie, then. But second-grade Bridie is more to our taste than many other first grades, as butter, even second-grade butter, is more to our taste than margarine.

There are people, however, we are told, who prefer margarine. In the same way there are people who will prefer *Home at Seven*, Mr. R. C. Sherriff's play at Wyndham's in which a bank manager from Bromley loses his memory for twenty-four hours and has reason to think he might have committed a murder. This is a matinée play, a perfectly respectable genre which doesn't need to be taken over-seriously. Matinée plays, so called, are the equivalent of those library novels which are simply designed to while away idle moments, the hour under the hairdresser's drying machine, the tedious journey between here and there. So matinée plays are designed to pass the time between a morning's shopping and the evening train or to fill in a dull evening. They are not plays of character, nor of ideas, they are plays of pure situation. The personages in the play are eminently recognisable and eminently unreal, and the story puts the audience through a mild little anxiety and cosily relieves them of it at the end. *Home at Seven* is a neatish example of its kind. Such a play does not require acting, it requires the impersonation of conventionalised types already familiar to the audience. This is perfectly done by an able team of actors. Such distinction as the play has comes from the presence in the cast of Sir Ralph Richardson. Personally I deplore this as a waste of talent.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

AFTER an interval of almost a year, we have at last been able to hear the second part of Mr. Henry Reed's ambitious study in dramatic form of the Italian poet Leopardi. Indeed, last week we were able to hear both parts, *The Unblest* and *The Monument*, with an interval of only twenty-four hours between them. Even so, it was too long, for plainly the programme had been designed as a whole and the sense of form was lost when it was presented in two separate and apparently unrelated parts. If the B.B.C. did not think we could stand slightly more than three hours of remorseless analysis of the unhappiness of a genius, brilliantly illuminated by exact writing, wit, sharp satire and some beautiful verse (e.g., the lyric beginning "Will it ever be certainly there, my house of peace"), it would surely have been better to have cut and condensed it a little, so that we could have heard it at a sitting. For it was, by any standards, a very distinguished work; which means, in fact, that it can only be judged by the highest standards. Then, it seems to me, it raised very sharply one of the central problems of criticism, that which Arnold solved to his own satisfaction with his downright

> What then are the situations, from the representation of which, though accurate, no poetical enjoyment can be derived? They are those in which the suffering finds no vent in action; in which a continuous state of mental distress is prolonged, unrelieved by incident, hope, or resistance; in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done.

Words which describe accurately enough the fate of Mr. Reed's hero. I admit I do not know Leopardi's poetry; knowledge might have intensified the poignancy; I do not think it would have added the necessary dimension of tragedy. As it was, and I believe inevitably, one was harrowed by *The Unblest* and *The Monument*, but never moved as by tragedy; and I suspect that what one will longest remember of this most interesting programme will be the purely satirical passages, the quite terrifying exposures of self-absorbed and self-seeking actresses and fashionable women, and the extremely funny version of Othello's "It is the cause" speech, in which Mr. Reed gives us as it were an English translation of an Italian translation of Shakespeare. But it is essentially a programme that demands a second and a third hearing before judgment can be anything like final.

Since one has come to expect programmes prompted by official occasions to be either perfunctory or embarrassing I began listening to *We Speak of France*, a feature in honour of M. Auriol's visit, with no great enthusiasm. And it began ominously enough: a bad case, it seemed, of French flu; the food, we were informed, was marvellous, the drink even more marvellous. One feared an unwitting parody of the wine-snob's patter. And then, with the third or fourth speaker, the programme suddenly lifted and became alive, with a strong Liverpool accent, that of Mr. F. G. Caldecott, telling us what it was like to work in a St. Nazaire shipyard. After that, the programme never flagged; speaker after speaker evoked the spirit of France in its various manifestations with enthusiasm and affection and without solemnity; and Mr. Matthew Halton, recalling the Normandy landings and the battle for Caen, was most moving. All in all, the programme achieved a masterly balance (for which part of the credit must go to Mr. Christopher Sykes's linking passages) and proved a most pleasant hour of civilised entertainment.

To say that the feature *They Flew by Moonlight* was even moderate entertainment would be over-statement. This programme, it seems likely, possesses the melancholy distinction of being the most sluggish and inept piece of radio-feature writing broadcast this year; and possibly in any year. And how exciting it promised to be, this story of that branch of the R.A.F. which dropped agents and supplies to the resistance movements. But the heart failed to respond automatically to the sound of aeroplane engines and chat over the inter-comm, and in the end, as the programme dragged its slow length wearily along, the mind's eye even grew tired of goggling at the crash of clichés, verbal and technical. What was nice, though, was the way the members of the Maquis went on talking in stage-Frenchman's English, even when there were no English airmen about to hear them.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Happiest Days of Your Life," at the Carlton

"When Willie Comes Marching Home," at the Leicester Square

"Riding High," at the Plaza

The Happiest Days of Your Life is little more, really, than the expansion of a joke: that English schoolgirl joke. Who started it? I don't know; it existed certainly during the 'twenties. One of the most deafening moments in *Young England* (that masterpiece of the stagily inadequate) was provided by a troop of girl guides who marched brightly on to the scene, to be rallied with a cry of "Halt! Fresh water must be our first consideration." Perhaps, even then, Mr. Arthur Marshall was crawling on some nursery floor or picking his way towards that thick-papered Brazil that was never to be the same again. With him, at any rate, the joke reached its quintessence. His annual review in the Christmas number of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION continues to distil a poetry out of St. Ethelberta's, to keep us abreast of oaths and romps; and there, one may feel, it might well stop. However, the best joke invites the most exhaustion, and this one has attracted a number of expert, if lesser, performers. Several of them contribute to *The Happiest Days of Your Life*.

There is Mr. Ronald Searle, for example—though his savagery introduces a rather different element—who has drawn some brilliantly variegated pages to be enjoyed round and through the "titles": no hangings, so far as I could make out, this time. There is in the film itself Miss Joyce Grenfell, an under-mistress, all gurgle and expectancy, with her copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION prominently displayed, for whom something or other is "imposs. if you ask my opinion." But no one does. Her short-lived moment—in a life composed, one feels, of such moments—will arrive when she gasps "Call me sausage." And then Miss Margaret Rutherford; but headmistress or anything else, she's a world in herself, the counterpart in loose-lipped virtuosity of M. Michel Simon. And Greek dances on the lawn, home cookery, lacrosse, the crocodile, the school motto—all this in D-day style. For Miss Rutherford and her girls have been delegated, by a miscalculation in Whitehall, to share with Mr. Alastair Sim and his boys.

The joke, you see, has been spread so as to take in pretty well everything. Brisk and mild, like the little winking lights on a pin-table, it keeps showing up in different places; and, considering the low voltage, it manages to have us amused a good deal of the time. The duel between Miss Rutherford and Mr. Sim—she bluff and soldierly, he with a sinuous crushed charm—is a confrontation or long-drawn-out skirmish that should not be missed. After all, we have put up with so many farces of the campus that our own little joke has been well earned, and we may be grateful to the author, John Dighton, and the director, Frank Launder, for it.

When Willie Comes Marching Home is an attempt by John Ford to make fun of Hollywood hero-worship. It comes at the right moment, with war sentiments crowding ever thicker on our programmes, and I wish Ford had felt and shown a little more confidence. Some early scenes in the Sturges manner promise well, but Mr. Dan Dailey switches on a musical-comedy appeal rather too easily, and the whole piece zigzags between making fun and surreptitiously making up for it.

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We have dealt with other cases like this—cases that fall outside the scope of State social services. To keep a man for a month under our care costs £10. More funds are badly needed; will you help us—by donation or legacy—to find them? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.

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Capra's and Crosby's *Riding High* provides the slickest of musicals about a man, a girl and a horse. But what a horse! He can gambol like a lamb, he neighs at night under his master's window, he enjoys the traditional sick-bed in a leaky barn, he wins the Great Derby and drops dead, and then in his beflagged coffin hears (one hopes he can hear) himself described as "an example of courage and loyalty to us all." He is handsomer and even smoother than Crosby himself.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Craven Hou e," at the Bedford

Time, 1913; place, a Southam Green guest-house where Miss Hatt has spent twenty years in keeping up appearances for a select and odious company of boarders. The curtain rises on them clustered in a stertorous after-dinner doze, and falls on Miss Hatt alone in a suburban Cherry Orchard, from which she has expelled her clients in a sudden, devastating burst of hysteria. For "Craven House" is tenanted by skeletons which come tumbling from their cupboards, by repressions whose liberation is destructive. For Elsie and Anthony there is youth and love; for the rest, exposure and pained bewilderment. Miss Diana Hamilton calls her play "light comedy." It is, in fact, a tense and bitter little tragedy on which a veneer of laughter has been (sometimes a little incongruously) imposed. The edges are a bit rough: the script in places cries aloud for a remorseless blue pencil, and the slow-moving period humour of Act I prepares the audience inadequately for what follows. But *Craven House* should be seen: it has suspense and shape, and it is finely acted. Jean Cadell has played many Miss Hatts, but never better; Esme Beringer makes a memorable "old dear" in the fireside chair, and Pat Nye, Helena Pickard and Lionel Newbold are admirably detestable. As Elsie, Tilsa Page acted with a sensitivity and depth which made me hope she will resist Mr. Rank's blandishments.

A. V.

New Sculpture by Epstein, at the Leicester Galleries

A large new batch of his portrait heads and busts in bronze are accompanied by Mr. Epstein's latest essay in stone carving, "Lazarus." Mr. Epstein as a modeller has certain basic brilliances as well as vulgarities. His attitude to the clay is very much sounder than his attitude to his sitters, who are romanticised almost out of recognition. Indeed Mr. Epstein knows only "types," not individuals: there is the sensual skinny or the sensual plump girl: there is the bony hawk-like intellectual male or the soft, baby-faced intellectual "with dreamer's eyes." But his command of clay is remarkable, at least in the matter of texture: ragged-loose merges into smooth-loose and then into smooth-hard (over a cheekbone), smooth-shiny (the tips of noses) or smooth-soft (bosoms). If there is a suggestion of Rodin it is in connection with these textures, his mastery of surface —not with form. Mr. Epstein's form is expressionist: he has an uncertain sense of mass: a controlled volume, in the true sculptural sense, is beyond his comprehension. Instead of focusing his mind on the invisible central movement of the form of a body —as Rodin did—Mr. Epstein fixes all his attention upon his surfaces. Rodin worked from the inside of a form outwards. But Mr. Epstein reverses the process with the result that all appendages to the main body, such as arms, gesticulate and flap with stringy, expressionist vehemence. And when it comes to stone carving this lack of a calm, central, all-comprehending form underneath the too particularised surface reduces the work to near meaninglessness. Observe the incredibly awkward (but "expressive") angle of the head of the "Lazarus." It has no formal logic whatsoever.

P. H.

Julian Trevelyan and Aeply Replicas, at Gimpel Fils

Undoubtedly the best of Mr. Julian Trevelyan's new paintings is the large view of Chiswick Mall, painted from somebody's chimney top at four o'clock on a winter afternoon. Yellow flood water creeps over a lilac road below and a scarlet pillar box explodes so violently in the yellowing light that its duskiness is intensified: the pure scarlet helps most mysteriously to create the sense of impending fog and the opacity of a Thames gloaming. One reason why this picture is a success is that in it Mr. Trevelyan keeps closer to realistic drawing than usual. Where in the past he has felt a need to invent *everything*—a new perspective inhabited by objects as radically reconstructed as those in the pictures of Picasso—we were inescapably made aware of the strain he was subjecting himself to. Now, on the whole, he seems to be coming to terms with his true role, which is that of a lyrical commentator, blessed with a gift for gentle gay harmonies of colour.

In the adjoining room are the much heralded French Aeply replicas of oil paintings by modern masters. In a note in the catalogue M. André Malraux says these new replicas "are to the best of my knowledge the most successful form of reproduction in the world." Having oneself at last studied these reproductions of paintings by Braque, Gris, Dersin, Picasso and others one can only pronounce this a most ridiculous statement. What is new about these replicas is their reproduction, in a miniature bas relief, of the hills and valleys of manipulated oil paint. But in order to build up this solid facsimile a paste or cement has been used which is gritty and grey: if truth to the actual shape of the brushworked pigment of the originals has been approached, truth to colour and tone has certainly not. There is no comparison between these and certain French stencilled reproductions for veracity of hue, tone, or—paradoxically—of texture.

P. H.

"How I Wonder," at the Unity Theatre

Mr. Stewart's excellent idea in his play seems just to elude his grasp. An astronomer working at an American university thinks he has discovered a new planet; at the end of the play the photographs reveal that the planet has burst into a star—the presumed inhabitants have destroyed their world by atomic fission. For the rest of the play Mr. Stewart has, however, turned the telescope onto the tangled and indecisive mind of the professor himself, whose problem—whether he should serve the society he despises or obey his own idealistic conscience—is elaborated portentously and almost to the point of irritation. The Disney-like contrivance of a personified "Mind" and "Super-ego" began by giving the play considerable liveliness, but the trio continued to hammer out the old familiar problem until one wished the professor would take a walk and return with his decision made. The piece is well constructed and the earnest theme is amusingly presented. Mr. Bruce Taylor has some excellent moments as the "Mind" and Mr. David Dawson, deputising at short notice for Mr. Richard Hayter, made a sympathetic study of the professor. The set and production were admirable.

M. S.

"Lady Patricia," at the Boltons

Boltons Theatre is facing financial crisis. The present production—by "C. R. Morton, Receiver and Manager for the Debenture Holders"—may even be its last, if unsuccessful. It would be pleasant to feel sure that *Lady Patricia* could put things right. It's a very funny play with a streak of well-placed farce. Rudolf Besier's sense of comedy was made notable by its intelligence. Lady Patricia is what the Edwardians christened a "Soul": a handsome woman of shrewd practical energy spilling over into amateur poeticising and grand platonic passion whom Miss Jane Henderson presents with distinction. Then why is *Lady Patricia* so tiring? Partly, perhaps, because the conclusion is visible all the way. Two young things, eventually to fall in love and marry, must be sidetracked for most of three acts by the marshlight loves of Lady Patricia and her no less soppy husband (Anthony Marlowe). Tolerable while misled, the young couple (Jill Bennett and Robin Lloyd) become monstrous bores when they at last strike the main road. So the play's development is a dreary thing, like reaching a town at the end of a straight mile; and this makes it seem static, despite farcical intricacy, oak-tree humours, and a whiskered pumpkin of a gardener (made most amusing by Roddy Hughes). Ear and mind are still pleased while a kind of paralysis creeps over the actual stage. *Lady Patricia* might be an excellent radio play.

G. R.

Correspondence

THE PLAY OF IDEAS

SIR,—James Bridie does well to show that Rattigan is tilting against windmills when he advocates the play of characters in place of the play of ideas; but his most important point comes at the end of his article, when he warns Rattigan against getting lost in the transition to a new era. The fact is, what Bridie calls the " Christopher Fry era " is long overdue. The only reason it is not now in possession of our stage is that theatrical managers have not had the acumen to see that plays which incorporate the decisive conflicts and aspirations of our own day need a type of production quite different from that appropriate to plays of the Shavian variety.

One of the most striking instances of this lack of acumen was Murray Macdonald's production of Bridie's own play *Daphne Laureola* at the Wyndham's last year. The play was a success, thanks to Edith Evans' magnificent performance; but the lines and episodes were pointed to bring out their superficial meaning, so that the action as a whole remained incredible, and the play's deeper meaning was obscured.

Much the same thing happened in pre-war London productions of *Within the Gates* (Sean O'Casey) and *The Family Reunion* (T. S. Eliot). When Alf Sjöberg produced *The Family Reunion* in Stockholm, making imaginative use of lighting, masks and other devices to clarify the different levels of symbolism, the play was intensely exciting. In England this play is still considered " poor theatre," for lack of such a production.

One reason why naturalism in the theatre is losing its appeal is that the films do this sort of thing much better. In *Brief Encounter* and *Bicycle Thieves* the details of everyday life are given poetic significance by sensitive photography and editing: this is also possible in the theatre, but to a much more limited extent. In the drama, no less than in painting, the camera has stolen much of the *raison d'être* of naturalism. The remarkable rise of English ballet—now one of the major branches of the English theatre, in spite of the monotony and triviality of current repertoires—shows that audiences are ready to welcome the poetical and lyrical treatment of dramatic themes.

Two recent productions of plays by James Forsyth make clear the nature of the present impasse in the theatre. *Penthesilea*, produced by Suria Magito in 1948 at the Old Vic with the first graduates of the Old Vic Theatre School, gave a satisfying modern interpretation of the myth of Artemis-Apollo. The actors had all been trained in dancing and singing, and the production make its effect at each moment by an appropriate combination of poetic speech, stylised gesture, dance, song, music and lighting effects. There seemed every reason to expect that *The Medicine Man* (presented last month at the Embassy) would be even more successful, for its action was set in Glasgow, and it was produced by Robert Mitchell with the help of the same accomplished group of Scottish actors with whom he had secured remarkable results in *The Lower Depths* and *The Gorbals Story*. But *The Medicine Man* only came to life in patches. The fault lay partly in the script (which hovered uneasily between symbolism and naturalism); but in earlier productions Mitchell had overcome even more serious weaknesses in scripts. If he failed to vitalise *The Medicine Man*, it was because he and his actors were unfamiliar with its conventions.

Bridie is right in saying we are on the verge of a new era. The new playwrights are already at work, and many of the appropriate styles of production have been elaborated by men like Meyerhold, Tairov, Vakhtangov and Copeau; our imaginative producers can be relied on to develop new styles when plays are written demanding them. The onus now rests with the managers.

44 South Hill Park, N.W.3. FERNAU HALL

[We have received many letters on this subject, and hope to print others next week. The controversy will be continued in our columns with contributions from other dramatists, including Benn Levy and Sean O'Casey.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

OBITER DICTA

SIR,—May I call attention to a growing abuse that is surely due to be checked? I refer to the tendency of certain judges and magistrates to supplement their legal judgments with personal opinions (sometimes intolerably personal) on matters wholly disconnected with the law. We read that a hatless woman in the witness-box is severely rebuked for being " improperly dressed," or a man reprimanded because his hair is too long or too short or his opinions on this or that differ from those held by the Bench's occupant. It is interesting to speculate on the kind of answer that won't rightly be given to such censors, were they to indulge in these impertinences outside their courts without the protection of privilege; and it is certainly time that innocent (or even guilty) laymen called to the witness-box or the dock should be protected from such petty indignities. Only upon the law and not upon manners, dress, morals, politics or behaviour is a judge's opinion any more authoritative than the prisoner's in the dock. Our system regards the judge as a trained interpreter of law, not as a tribal " wise man." In this it adheres to the facts.

A recent example of such non-legal obiter dicta will have been noted in reports on the Fuchs trial. The Lord Chief Justice gratuitously raised the general and purely political question of the " right of asylum," declaring it to have been imperilled (which is for Parliament to say), and inquired whether we dare " now give shelter to political refugees "? This generalisation would at least have had a crude logic if Fuchs had been an agent for his own country of origin, but Communist betrayal, by its nature, is just as likely to be indigenous (and has often been) as imported. The comment, therefore, seems calculated to bring pain and discredit to thousands of good naturalised citizens for no discernible good purpose. I do not recall whether it was Lord Goddard who tried Baillie-Stewart, but if he did and if, as a result of that case, he ventured to wonder aloud whether the Seaforth Highlanders were " now " to be trusted, then that generalised aspersion would have been no less shallow and, in the strict sense, no less impertinent.

A judge is as entitled to express his opinions on big or little matters as another citizen, if he can find an appropriate platform; but he must surely not mistake the Bench for such a platform lest he discredit it. I write in the hope that the Lord Chancellor may consider what action it may be possible for him to take for the public protection.

BENN W. LEVY

66 Old Church Street, S.W.3.

THE ELECTION

SIR,—Among the many points raised since the result of the General Election, may I be permitted to raise one more?

I think it was a real tactical mistake on the part of Mr. Attlee to give vital broadcasting time to Mr. Ernest Bevin and not to Mr. Aneurin Bevan.

First because I think all are agreed that foreign policy was *not* an election issue and so Mr. Bevin's address was a sheer waste of time from an electioneering point of view.

Second because housing and health *were* election issues, especially in the broadcasts, and what an answer Mr. Aneurin Bevan could have given to the misrepresentations of the Tories.

And third because it is high time that the Tory propaganda machine was finally spiked in its constant game of keeping Mr. Bevan in the public mind as the wild irresponsible temperamental fanatic behind the scenes, while hiding his real brilliance and ability.

I believe that Mr. Bevan could have taken much of the suspicion of flatness out of the Labour campaign, and as the Minister responsible for such key issues he was the obvious man to speak, and could have made an unanswerable contribution.

May I add that in the immediate future the Labour Party could well spend all its propaganda effort on the true slogan of " the success of nationalisation and the morality of public ownership," until the Tory propaganda against them is in high reverse, and the truth be dinned into the floaters' heads.

St. Paul's Manse, Gorebridge. I. DAVID LEVISON

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Making the most of our own fuel resources is vital to this country. Between the wars the steel industry reduced the amount of coal required to make a ton of finished steel from over 60 cwt. to 41 cwt.

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"TITO'S PLOT"

Sir,—What with one thing and another I have not yet replied to Mr. Derek Kartun's courteous rejoinder to my review of his book *Tito's Plot Against Europe*. But the subject is so important that I make no apology for returning to it herewith.

Mr. Kartun's plea amounts to saying that truth is stranger than fiction in these matters, as I ought to know from my experience as an Intelligence Officer in the British Military Mission in Siberia during Mr. Churchill's war of intervention against the Russian Revolution.

If that means that it would be hard to exaggerate the fanaticism, folly and ferocity of our ruling class when faced with a real challenge to their power and privileges, I agree. They will stop at nothing and would gladly bring down civilisation about our ears in atomic dust rather than allow the world to go Socialist quietly.

But that does not mean that what the Soviet press, wireless or Government say about the Yugoslavs or for that matter myself, however absurd, must be true.

For instance, the Moscow *Literaturnaya Gazeta* has recently written that I was a spy in the first world war and have now gone back to my ancient evil trade and am serving the same English and American bosses as Tito. Well, in the first place I never was and am not a spy. In the second place it really is as ridiculous to call Marshal Tito a Fascist agent or servant of American and British bosses as it is to apply these epithets to my humble self.

For instance, Mr. James Klugman, reviewing Mr. Kartun's book in the *Labour Monthly*, wrote that it "enables the reader to understand how the Yugoslav Communist leadership fell into the hands of the gang of Trotskyist agents of foreign reaction, how the betrayal developed in the course of the second world war and how the Tito Group, organised for treachery by agents of British Imperialism during the war, were taken over once the war ended, lock, stock and barrel, by U.S. Intelligence."

But Mr. Klugman was himself a prominent member of Brigadier Maclean's Military Mission that was supposed to have done this horrid job. He had the rank of Major (G.S.O.II). He was therefore on his own showing one of the agents of British Imperialism organising the Tito gang of Trotskyists for treachery during the war.

Not content with this, Major Klugman stayed on in Yugoslavia as a leading member of Unrra and for years after that did active propaganda in speech and writing for the "gang of Trotskyist agents of foreign reaction" whom he had helped to organise for treachery—indeed, he did so right up to the publication of the Cominform Resolution in June 1948, when overnight white became black.

Either, therefore, the whole story now so warmly endorsed by Mr. Klugman about how the Maclean Mission organised the Tito regime for treachery during the war is bunkum, or else Mr. Klugman took part in this job and has not only concealed the fact to this day, but was guilty for years of praising to the skies the very traitors whom he had helped to corrupt and prepare for being taken over by the U.S. Intelligence Service.

I defy Mr. Kartun or Mr. Klugman or both together to give any explanation of Mr. Klugman's position that makes any sense at all, either morally or intellectually. It is a bit thick to expect the rest of us to take seriously a case that is built on such flat contradictions, as well as on Rajk's confessions about his talks with named Yugoslav leaders in Vichy camps, when those leaders were never in those camps. I made the latter point in my review of Mr. Kartun's book. Mr. Kartun did not refer to it in his letter. I should be happy to know if he has any explanation.

60 Abbey Road, N.W.8. K. ZILLIACUS

THE PIONEER SCHOOL

Sir,—One of the all too few pioneer schools in England—a school that has grown from small beginnings to caring for nearly one hundred children whose happiness proclaims the success of the experiment—is in imminent danger of having to close down. We who sign this letter are a handful of parents who believe that other New Statesman and Nation readers would wish to know how such a tragedy can come about, even if they can do nothing to halt it.

Sherwood School, at Epsom, after twenty years of activity, has earned a high reputation among those interested in the education of children so as to help them to form a reasonable attitude to the world of to-day. For years past teachers at Sherwood School have been content with remuneration at a level far below recognised salary scales so as to enable the work they have at heart to continue; but, even so, rising costs have brought a position in which losses cannot be avoided unless fees are raised to a height which will lead to withdrawals of children and discouragement of new entrants. As parents of the children at the School we have tried, without success, to raise the capital sum of £4,000 which is needed, and have found that the authorities are not prepared to give a modest measure of annual support to enable the School to keep going.

Sir, you may imagine what this means. For the country, the stopping of a stream of future citizens educated in an atmosphere civilised and humane who would bring a special contribution to the community. For the children themselves a broken school life, uprooted from their happy community and for the most part dispersal to schools managed on orthodox lines and already overcrowded. Indeed, one reason why we are writing to you is because our children insist that in a world which contains even a gleam of reason something *must* be done, and it is up to us to do it.

The parents, many of them with difficulty, have been saving the State money by paying fees and incidentally financing a vital educational experiment from which the country must profit, as it has benefited so richly in the past from such pioneering work. For lack of public courage, if not of private spirit, another fine endeavour may be ground out of existence.

Our purpose, bluntly, is to ask whether—if at this stage the State cannot aid—there is no magnanimous group or individual prepared to stretch out a helping hand to the generation which is our future and our hope.

CHRISTOPHER BARCLAY. CHARLES HILL.
MARGARET BARCLAY. ELIZABETH MACINTYRE.
CHARLES FOLEY. ROBERT MORTON.
GILBERT HAMMOND. JOHN WADSWORTH.

23 St. Martin's Avenue, Epsom.

SOCIALIST ECONOMICS

Sir,—If a critic assumes the mantle of infallibility and delivers himself of lecture *ex cathedra*, he should first make certain that his platform is not worm-eaten. His fall, otherwise, is embarrassing. Mr. Sovren in his review of Professor Cole's essay in *Socialist Economics* has failed to take this elementary precaution. In criticising the *logic* (while expressing a condescending liking for the ethical implications) of Mr. Cole's attitude to economic problems, he resuscitates the old fallacy that "economic science is an amoral mechanism, like a mechanical brain." Obviously unaware of the important writings of Professors Bergson, Samuelson in the U.S. and Messrs. Little and Streeten in this country, he lectures us that though we "may dislike the answers on moral grounds, we should not blame it (economics) for producing them." Indeed we should. The "machine" cannot be dissociated from the stuff of which it is made. We must, as Mr. Cole did, continue to show that the precision and determinancy of orthodox economics is due to the false simplifications, immoral (not a-moral) assumptions and, last but not least, hypocritical and thereby tacit value judgments on which it is based. These moral judgments cannot be "eliminated from its logic" because they predetermine the answers. The whole dichotomy of "welfare" into "economic" and "non-economic" is invalid. And normative conclusions disregarding the distribution of income and the social effects of the organisation or production are fallacious. Economics is either ethical, i.e., political, or a sham. Once all relevant moral and social factors are taken into account, it loses its precision but regains its pertinence. It is unfortunate that The New Statesman and Nation should give publicity to views which no up-to-date academic writer would dare to defend.

Balliol College, Oxford. T. BALOGH

HERMANN FIELD

Sir,—Critic is right in emphasising that those who know Hermann Field well are convinced that he cannot at any time have had any connection with the intelligence service of any country. I was a member of the party which he led on a tour of Czechoslovakia in the summer of 1947. The details were arranged by the Czech Government, who provided transport for us and lent us, for the whole period of the tour, two Government officials to act as guides and interpreters. Later we learned that these courtesies were a gesture of gratitude to Hermann.

Both in Prague and in a number of towns in Bohemia and Moravia we met many administrators and political leaders—both Social Democrats and Communists—whose escape from Hitler's invasion had been made possible by Hermann's work for the British Refugee Committee in 1939. In the great industrial city Moravska-Ostrava the town hall was hung with the Czech, American and British flags in honour of Hermann and his English wife. Hermann accepted these honours with characteristic diffidence and, equally characteristically, refused to allow any celebration to deflect him from his study of housing and planning problems: for he believed, perhaps naively, that by presenting the facts as he saw them he could help to change the attitude of Americans, and particularly those in his own profession, towards Eastern European affairs.

In these circumstances the indifference of the State Department to the fate of Hermann and his brother and sister-in-law can be explained only in terms that discredit still further American foreign policy.

29 Vandon Court, Petty France, S.W.1. MONICA FELTON

Sir,—It was in Poland (not Czechoslovakia) that my husband Hermann Field worked for the British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia after Hitler took Prague in 1939. He volunteered to do this work because he was shocked by Hitler's crimes, and through his office in Krakow hundreds of lives were saved.

When Poland was invaded in September 1939 he tried to organise an evacuation of the remaining refugees eastward, hoping the Nazis would not advance so far. He and a few of the refugees went ahead to try to organise reception for the rest who followed on foot, but the German advance was too rapid and he was separated by bombing from the bulk of the refugees. It was the first Blitzkrieg. KATE FIELD

82, Corringham Road, London, N.W.11.

A GAME OF CHESS

The Board is set, the Pieces all are lin'd,
Two different, equal Forces of one Kind:
The Black and White, still by the Rules content
To Struggle for their Chequer'd Continent.
The Pawns advance, by greater Pow'rs controll'd,
Like Merchandise exchang'd, or bought or sold;
White Knights Position take, White Castles set
T'extend Dominion's Boundaries wider yet;
The Black, confin'd, of all their free Moves barr'd,
Strive to break out; the Contest grows more hard—
Till, by a Stroke, both Black and White agree:
Black King takes White Queen, in amity.
A Check to Hatred, an auspicious Mate—
But contrary to Interests of State.
Where fair Means fail, others must be found,
And Mr. G--d-n W--k-r, looking round,
Seeing no Victory the Rules afford,
Tips up the Table, oversets the Board,
Scatters the Pieces, snatches up the King,
And keeps him captive, banish'd, languishing.

Sir, though you fancy that the Game is won,
When Rules are broke, a harder Game's begun.

C. S.

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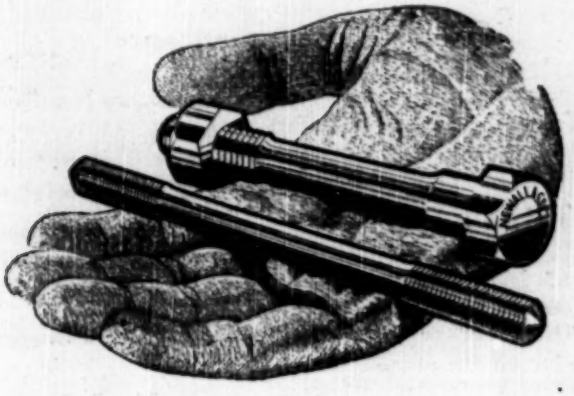

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WORDSWORTH: 1770-1850

WORDSWORTH, it has been said, had the misfortune to live too long and to write too much. For that reason we are celebrating this year the centenary, not so much of a poet, as of an institution. But it would be too facile to suggest that there were two Wordsworths, for the child was obviously father to the man, and the growth of the mind that is traced in *The Prelude* is organic. But let us suppose that Wordsworth had died, not in 1850 but in 1807, and not in his bed but in the Napoleonic wars. Let us suppose further that the 1805-6 version of *The Prelude* had been published as the final and finest achievement of a poet who had already written masterpieces like *Tintern Abbey* and the ode *Intimations of Immortality*. Let us imagine that the story of his romantic attachment to a French girl had been made known at this time, and that some epistolary traces of the passion which he later suppressed had been published. There is nothing impossible or even improbable in such suppositions, and what a difference there would have been now! Wordsworth would have rivalled Shelley and Byron in romantic glamour, and his greatest poems would not have had their daring originality diminished by being planted like exotic plants in the prosy acres of the Poetical Works. More important still, the poet would not have lived to devise that pedantic and baffling arrangement of his verse which has done more harm than anything else to his reputation. It was, alas, inevitable that the standard edition edited for the Clarendon Press by Ernest de Selincourt and Helen Darbishire should have followed Wordsworth's own plan, but the greatness of Wordsworth's poetry will emerge only from a chronological selection, of which about nine-tenths would come from a single decade of his life.

There are certain critics whom I respect who will blame me for giving further support to this heresy. I cannot help it, for much as I admire the complete Wordsworth, I still think that the main effect of his last forty years was to bring into existence a sect of Wordsworthians who are his worst advocates. Mill thought that Wordsworth was the best poet for unpoetical natures, and how right he was; but he did not foresee that these same natures would, in the years after Wordsworth's death, project into the public consciousness an image of the anti-poet—a horse-faced, lantern-jawed moralist, a depressive maniac urging his sour tribe of pietists to immolate themselves on the altar of Duty. "In the crisis through which the world is now passing, his countrymen have turned to him as never before. His poems of liberty and independence impart strength and confidence in a season of bitter trial." Thus Professor McLean Harper, concluding his biography of the poet in 1916. He admits that the poet never found peace himself, that he was always consumed with passionate joy or passionate distress. But instead of making this the quality of his greatness, he adds with unconscious bathos: "He will be venerated for the honesty of his work and the height of his ideals as long as our English tongue endures. He dealt seriously with poetry, honouring himself and humankind." One could not find a better example of the humbug that has done Wordsworth so much harm. A poet does not seek or deserve veneration—that tribute should be reserved for the saints, and Wordsworth was no saint. Nor is "honest" a happy epithet to apply to Wordsworth's "work." Let us rather speak of its originality, its breath-taking simplicity, its often faultless subtlety. Better still, let us speak of his hard-won philosophical faith, which startled the mystical Blake and led Coleridge to call him a "semi-atheist." As for dealing "seriously" with poetry—could any imputation be more deadly? Unfortunately it is true of the later Wordsworth; but it is not true of the author of *Peter Bell*, for example, a fantastic effort of "high imagination" which Coleridge once described as Wordsworth's "most wonderful and admirable poem." In more than one of Wordsworth's early poems there is a humorous macabre element that reaches forward to the surrealists.

Gladstone once remarked to Matthew Arnold that he would rather have been Wordsworth than anybody. "Oh no, you wouldn't," replied Arnold, "he was too much of a peasant for you." To which the statesman retorted. "No, I never felt that; I always thought him a polite and amiable man." But Gladstone told Morley that when Wordsworth dined with him, he used on leaving to change his silk stockings in the ante-room and put on grey worsted; an anecdote which supports Arnold's view. There is no doubt that some of Wordsworth's poetry was written in silk stockings, and that is the kind we now find insufferable. But the great poems were written in worsted, and we must admit that the worsted was grey—which is its natural colour. It is a neutral colour, and "neutral" was the word Coleridge used to describe Wordsworth's poetic style. A neutral style is not the same as a prosaic style—it is the style which Coleridge found in the poetry of Samuel Daniel, and its virtue lies in the subdued subtlety of its tonality—no high lights (far-fetched metaphors) or bright colours (artificial phraseology). The Lucy poems are perhaps the best illustration of this kind of diction in Wordsworth's verse, but a poem like *Michael* is a more sustained example. One of the advantages of such a style is that it sustains the imagination evenly on its longer flights—there are no air pockets. *The Prelude* is written in it, and with the exception of *The Faerie Queene* there is no long poem in the language which shows such consistency of poetic texture. But the neutral style cannot be kept up merely at will—it depends on inspiration just as much as the most loaded rhetorical style. Wordsworth himself could not keep it up, and more and more relapsed, after 1807, into the flattest banality—or, forsaking all his ideals, into the most pompous artificiality.

I have published elsewhere a theory to explain this decay of poetic sensibility (not a mere decline, but a functional change), and will only add now that the diagnosis seems to me to prove the value, for the poet, of two external aids to inspiration. One is a theory of technique, however, mistaken. Wordsworth wrote his best poetry according to an original theory of diction—that enunciated in the Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads;* in the same way, in our own time, the best poetry has also been written according to an original theory of diction (the "free verse" of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot). But still more important as an external aid is a philosophical faith of the kind I have already mentioned. By this we mean something quite distinct from a revealed religion (which may be equally inspiring, but was not in question in Wordsworth's case). By intense reflection on the nature of being, Wordsworth had arrived at certain convictions which he could oppose to the nihilism that already, at the opening of the nineteenth century, threatened European thought. He shared this achievement, not only with his friend Coleridge, but also with his exact contemporary, Friederich Hölderlin, who retreated into madness about the same time that Wordsworth retreated into dullness. "But that which remains, is established by the poets"—this dictum of Hölderlin's the concluding line of his poem *Andenken* (Remembrance), describes the function which both poets assigned to poetry, and themselves assumed.

Hölderlin said that language, the most dangerous of possessions, had been given to man so that he may affirm what he is. This is exactly Wordsworth's conception of the function of the poet, and Book XIII of *The Prelude* is an inspired expression of this view; it explains the exalted and dedicated role which Wordsworth assigned to poets in general and to himself in particular. There are many passages in which this doctrine is expounded—but for a typical example I will quote the following "aside" addressed to Coleridge:

> Dearest Friend,
> Forgive me if I say that I, who long
> Had harbour'd reverentially a thought
> That Poets, even as Prophets, each with each
> Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
> Have each for his peculiar dower, a sense
> By which he is enabled to perceive
> Something unseen before; forgive me, Friend,
> If I, the meanest of this band, had hope
> That unto me had also been vouchsafed
> An influx, that in some sort I possess'd
> A privilege, and that a work of mine,
> Proceeding from the depth of untaught things,
> Enduring and creative, might become
> A power like one of Nature's.
> (1805)

Compare this with Hölderlin's fragmentary sketch for a poem (1800) from which I have already quoted a phrase:

But man dwells in huts and wraps himself in the bashful garment, since he is more fervent and more attentive too in watching over the spirit, as the priestess the divine flame; this is his understanding. And therefore he has been given arbitrariness, and to him, godlike, has been given higher power to command and to accomplish, and therefore has language, most dangerous of possessions, been given to man, so that creating, destroying, and perishing and returning to the ever-living, to the mistress and mother, he may affirm what he is—that he has inherited, learned from thee, thy most divine possession, all-preserving love.

And should that last phrase of Hölderlin's seem remote from Wordsworth, there are these lines to add from *The Prelude*, to clinch the comparison:

By love, for here
Do we begin and end, all grandeur comes,
All truth and beauty, from pervading love,
That gone, we are as dust.

These comparisons are not partial; they could be multiplied and extended, until Wordsworth stood revealed, not as the Victorian laureate that he became, but as the first among the philosophic poets of the Romantic Movement. His place is with Coleridge and Shelley, with Hölderlin and Novalis, with Leopardi—I can think of no French equivalent. His philosophic faith cannot be formally related to Kant and Schelling, as can Coleridge's: it is too personal, too home-spun. But it belongs to the same climate of thought, and through the channel of Coleridge's mind, had direct access to these prevalent winds of doctrine. Our centenary task should be to rescue Wordsworth from the later accretions of his life and thought, and though not altogether rejecting these, bringing to the forefront those aspects of his poetry and philosophy which make him, not only the greatest figure in our Romantic Movement, but at the same time third in the hierarchy of English poets.

HERBERT READ

THE LICORICE FIELDS AT PONTEFRACT

In the licorice fields at Pontefract*
My love and I did meet
And many a burdened licorice bush
Was blooming round our feet.
Red hair she had and golden skin,
Her sulky lips were shaped for sin,
Her sturdy legs were flannel-slack'd
The strongest legs in Pontefract.

The little dangling licorice flowers
Gave off the sweetest smells,
From various black Victorian towers
The Sunday evening bells
Were pealing over dales and hills
And tanneries and silent mills,
And lowly streets where country stops,
And little shutter'd corner-shops.

She cast her blazing eyes on me
And pluck'd a licorice leaf.
I was her captive slave and she
My red-hair'd robber-chief.
Oh Love! for love I could not speak,
It left me winded, wilting, weak
And held in brown arms strong and bare
And bound in flaming ropes of hair.

J. BETJEMAN

* Whatever the correct pronunciation, Pontefract in these verses is to be pronounced as it is spelt. Licorice is grown there. Flowering time is in August. The root is used for eating.

THE PATTERN OF ERROR

Collected Shorter Poems 1930-1944. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

At a certain moment in the century, the symbols, which had been frozen in the religious orthodoxies or had died elegant, languid deaths in post-Romantic poetry, suddenly burst into astonishing life. Instead of there being a dead poetic language of spiritual things resorted to by those who rejected the values of a materialist age, it was found that the machines, gadgets and other fixtures of industrialism were themselves symbolic projections of an interior spiritual life. The long-neglected dreams were taken out of their boxes and seem to be full of images where a wish had attached itself to an aeroplane or turbine engine and proclaimed the fusion one of love. Illnesses acquired an extraordinary significance, and the relationship of the neurotically sick with the interpreters of their fantasies, became the sacramental marriage which might provide the example for a new personal relationship which would save society.

These discoveries were undoubtedly encouraging to poets. At least they disproved the idea that poetry was a primitive habit of thinking imagistically, outmoded in an age when the most advanced thought was more and more in abstractions which eschewed images. Poetry was restored to its position as an instrument of intelligence in which the images are a shorthand for experiences symbolising philosophical situations which lie beyond their particular moments.

All the same, the discovery that the subconscious mind expresses itself entirely in poetic symbols, and that our external man-made world, instead of just being an expression in concrete and steel of abstract calculations, is also an immense projection of the inner life of the community into built-up symbols, has its embarrassing side for the poet. Modern psychology claims to be—at least potentially—an exact science in which symbols of dream and fantasy are capable of being analysed back into the motives from which they arise. The irrational can be explained in terms of the rational, by weighing and measuring the dream-imagery, just as the components are weighed and measured in any other science. Thus at the same moment as this immense material of the subconscious mind is made accessible to poets, it is seized on like the stars and space, by the experts who alone have the instruments whereby to measure it.

The poet who uses psycho-analytical material must have either the attitude of an interpretative analyst or that of a passive patient who pours out the unanalysed stuff of free association. The surrealists are the passive victims of the subconscious. W. H. Auden is, I think, the only modern poet who uses to an enormous extent this material, and is not used by it. His poems are nearly all about hypothetical worlds, or persons, or they are interpretations of real characters, expressed in psycho-analytical symbols. He is an interpreter of psychological situations in an imagery both scientifically exact and poetically exciting. There is nothing new in the fact of a poet writing with psychological truth: what is new is his extraordinary consciousness of the clinical significance of imagery which also seems purely poetic.

But he is not just an analyst, a taker into pieces of given wholes. The central theme of his poetry is the search for a philosophy, for a wider hypothesis than the individuals, the events, the historic occasions, the dead literary ancestors like Pascal, Rimbaud or Melville, whose complex situations he states so dazzlingly.

The main development of his poetry is towards the discovery of a whole which will include within its pattern all the separate particles of the analysed human heart. His attitude towards individual human beings does not greatly change though the emphasis on the significance of being human changes. Essentially his view of human individuality is that it is a kind of sickness in search of a sexual, psychological or metaphysical cure. As his poetry develops he himself has less the air of standing apart and looking down from a Freudian Olympus on the "death of the old gang." The "you" who is "the one whose part it is to lean," becomes "we" which includes himself, and all the supposedly normal people. The cure does not lie in satisfying one's individuality but in entering into the "universal love" which is not individual:

For the error bred in the bone
Of each woman and each man
Craves what it cannot have,
Not universal love
But to be loved alone.

All forms of self-realisation are seen to be error: all that matters is to create an inner order by which we enter into a wholeness outside ourselves. The aim of the poetry changes from being the analysis of the individual neurotic situation into an attempt to define this wholeness:

But neither death nor height
Nor any other creature can prevent
Our reasonable and lively motions in
This modern world where only Love has weight,
And Fate by Faith is freely understood,
And he who works shall find our fatherhood.

It seems inevitable that Auden's journey should have led to a rejection of all attitudes but Christianity. Psycho-analysis gives the individual invaluable knowledge of his own personality, and then throws him back on to himself to arrange the parts it has revealed. Politics preach hatred, and with them the poet can only achieve a temporary alliance in circumstances which demand it when his freedom to create his own non-political truth is threatened. A generalised invocation of Love, on which Auden lingered perhaps too long, is either nameless or vague, or else, if it be human love, confronts us with a variation of our own error developed in the life of another.

In his protracted search for a key to the pattern of error Auden has always been attracted by dogma. Distrusting his own emotions, and seeking to avoid subjectivism, he has been aware of the danger of becoming an intuitive synthesiser, one who applies home-made philosophies made up of scraps of psychological and political theory, to persons and events which are invented bundles of psychological complexity. He has always sought an external system which would make him a part of the pattern and not the centre of it, and enable him to enter into an objective criticism of life outside his own personality.

The key to the pattern had to be "an affirming love." It had also to be endowed with authority and with humanity. Only Love could enter into every part of the pattern, even when the characteristic of each part was to refuse to see itself as belonging to a universal whole.

The emphasis of religion in Auden's work is on the voluntary act whereby we recognise the authority of Love, even when we can also be cast away by behaviour which is also voluntary. The being cast away is also an aspect of Love: not ours but of a Love outside ourselves:

Our world remains, our world, our day, our sin;
We may, as always, by our own consent
Be cast away.

Auden does not, like Eliot, divide experience sharply into the unreal illusion of materialistic everyday living and the one way of living in reality, which is Christianity. For the force in Eliot which divides humanity in this way, is the sense of sin, and just this is lacking in Auden. To Auden, all behaviour, all living is "real," a manifestation of a whole pattern. Error is in those points where the human pattern is not conscious of its own unity; nevertheless neurosis itself is a symptom of dissatisfaction and therefore of potential awareness. In theory, perhaps Auden is as orthodox as Eliot: I can only describe the difference as one of feeling, and of emphasis.

Perhaps because he lacks the sense of sin, Auden's orthodoxy, although frequently defined, remains general and abstract—again, in feeling rather than in content. His art is a pursuit of objectivity, of complete awareness within an im-

Herbert Jenkins

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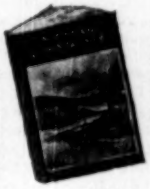

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perfect existence. His religion is an explanation, not a rejection of, the world:

Stagger onward rejoicing;
And even then if, perhaps
Having actually got
To the last col, you collapse
With all Atlantis shining
Below you yet you cannot
Descend, you should still be proud
Just to peep at Atlantis
In a poetic vision:
Give thanks and lie down in peace,
Having seen your salvation.

STEPHEN SPENDER

FOWLS OF THE AIR

The Yellow Wagtail. By STUART SMITH. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In Praise of Birds. By C. E. RAVEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Bird-Watching and Bird Behaviour. By JULIAN HUXLEY. *Dobson.* 6*s.*

A humanist is concerned with men, a naturalist, by common usage, with living things other than men; and so the humanist always must be a little alarmed by the antics of the naturalist: he is a man after all and yet he inclines to opt out of human affairs into bird affairs or insect affairs. Seventeenth-century humanists were puzzled even to scorn by the virtuoso of the infant Royal Society, who concerned himself with the vital mechanisms of the louse, and other matters outside his immortal destination:

What is the nat'ral Cause why *Fish*
That always drink, do never piss;
Or whether in their Home, the Deep,
By Night or Day they ever sleep?

It was not an unreasonable disdain; and at present there are far more people in Great Britain passionate about the problems of migration or the problems of species and clines or about the mere watching of bird life through binoculars than about the human phenomena of Picasso or Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson* or the poems of Auden or the music of Benjamin Britten. Bird-watchers are in the majority. I once asked one of the most celebrated of ornithologists, in a broadcast, what was the first motive of his pursuit: was it scientific, was it the accumulation of evidence for a more lucid understanding of evolution, for example?

He replied indignantly that the first motive—and I ought to know that—was the Sense of Wonder; to which I might have replied that the Sense of Wonder in adults could better be nourished by philosophy or science or the poised hands over the pink brain in Rembrandt's picture than by blackbirds or yellow wagatils *per se*.

Life is an admirable mystery containing ourselves and Dr. Stuart Smith's wagtail and the round worm in the wagtail's alimentary canal. Canon Raven (who is a theologian as well as a naturalist, and Master of Christ's) may "believe intensely in the educational value of natural history." Dr. Huxley (who is a very sane humanist) may distinguish between the bird-watcher, the bird-watcher naturalist and the bird-watcher ornithologist in a gradation of clines between the man with a hobby which can be "an end in itself," "entertaining, healthy, and interesting," and the scientist. But it is curious to discover in two at least of these books an element of evasion in the bird man's pursuit which may not be quite so healthy after all—beyond a degree of innocence and filling the lungs with the keen air of field and cliff.

Canon Raven has found in birds "a rich aesthetic and spiritual value." He goes on "there is something about the sheer vitality of birds, about their grace and delicacy and simplicity, which in these days of struggle and perplexity gives us a right of rapid entry into the Eden of childhood." He is frank. He calls his book of bird-watching adventure in Ireland, Scotland, the Isle of Man, Holland and elsewhere "the work of an amateur who has neither the genius to create a prose poem nor the knowledge to contribute effectively to the expert study of ornithology." Dr. Smith's book is a monograph in the New Naturalist programme. With its help, say the editors, biologists "will be better able to watch the course of the future variation and evolution" of a very interesting species; and Dr. Smith begins by giving thanks that the scientific study of birds is replacing a delight in them which was sentimental and anecdotal. But he obviously includes himself among those, he writes, "who find relaxation from the cares of a perplexed world by watching birds." Again the perplexed modern world. And he quotes another able naturalist, Dr. Fraser Darling, who has remarked that "there is more beauty of reality in the fact discovered by patient inquiry than in a façade built by one's own mind, reflecting a travesty of human emotion"—which tempts one to answer, a little unfairly, that façades built by the human mind, for instance the façade of a Gothic cathedral, may reflect human emotion without travesty; and also to prod him about the aesthetics of a fact.

These may seem sour comments about three books admirable in their kind. Dr. Smith inquires with cool discipline into a species which gives him great delight as it runs about on the ploughland just outside one the dormitories of Manchester or on the meadows by the Isis. Canon Raven can record his pleasure in seeing a bullfinch flashing in brilliance through the thorns or a Dutch avocet alighting, rolling from side to side, and then running swiftly "with the wings still aloft and spread, heeling over like a yacht in a gale of wind." As a writer Dr. Huxley is the one out of the three to be envied, not only for analysis and comprehension, but because he can record an experience so that it works on the reader as neither trivial nor merely pleasurable nor merely ornithological. Read his account of house-martins high up in the sunlight while it was not quite day on the ground, of African nightjars eating the winged king and queen termites as they made the only sortie of their lives, or of himself lying under a bird cliff on Spitsbergen:

> I lay on the grass, and, though less than seven hundred miles from the Pole, was able to rest the better part of an hour in perfect comfort, so windless and balmy was the air, tempered by the midnight sun. The birds' clamour filled the place; their forms shot to and fro at every level, up to nearly half a mile above my head, hundreds every minute. It was a complete revelation of the abundance of Nature and her unconcern with man on this Arctic uninhabited island.

What may disturb the sane reader is the incomplete sense of the abundance and totality of Nature in so many of the natural history books which come his way. He may be disturbed by the curious over-emphasis on birds to the neglect of the other members of the family of life, and by the employment of birds, as if they were flying postage-stamps or bits of feathered saltglaze, as an escape from life. Unlike Dr. Huxley, a good many scientifically minded amateurs of ornithology and scientific ornithologists are caught in an evasive sentimentality they do not recognise. Edmund Gosse applied Flaubert to his father's dismemberment between fundamentalism and evolution: the scientific mind should be one *affranchissant l'esprit et pesant les mondes, sans haine, sans peur, sans pitié, sans amour et sans Dieu.* It may be too sharp a discipline for the amateur, even perhaps for a man; but sentimental natural history is sentimental still when it lacks relationship or is only veneered with science. Not one bird book in fifty, one natural history book in fifty, has the sanity and scope of number three, of Dr. Huxley's small, simple collection of wireless talks, which in a few chapters about the life of birds, the courtship of birds, their mind, *and* their place in Nature shows how natural history can be a subject of the humanities, how it can be both recreative and strengthening in an existence which always is perplexed, after all. We can have too much of Prime Ministers uncertain of the whereabouts of Prague, culturally as naive as a ten-year old boy, and yet able to write letters to *The Times* about a grey wagtail in St. James's Park. Somehow, by a Huxleyan method, his observation of the wagtail must involve him with the picture by Rembrandt.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

CARROLL'S DARK ROOM

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> When Lewis Carroll travelled, which he did a good deal, he usually took the photographic outfit with him, whether staying with friends or relations, or going on a holiday. This was no light undertaking; it demanded a passionate devotion to one's hobby, and those with only a casual interest soon dropped out of the game. Apart from camera, lens and tripod, the whole paraphernalia which was such a burden to the travelling photographer in the wet-plate period accompanied him on his photographic tours; a chest full of bottles containing chemicals for coating, developing, fixing and varnishing the glass plates, scales and weights, glass measures and funnels, and, above all, a portable dark tent or cupboard in which all the chemical hocus-pocus took place . . . . The time Lewis Carroll must have spent packing up the outfit—knowing his fastidiousness in packing up his personal belongings, wrapping each item separately in paper twice its own bulk—hardly bears thinking of.

This fantastic burden some photographers would carry unaided; others, according to their dignity, would engage a porter or push a perambulator; Carroll sent his apparatus on by train, and in London took it with him by cab. It suited him very well, when one remembers some of the appliances in his Christ Church rooms: his array of draught eliminators, for example, his gasolier with instructions as

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elaborate pasted on the door, and his mousetrap possessed of a detachable second compartment to make quick drowning easy. No wonder, when wet collodion gave way to dry, he found the new process too simplified and gave up altogether the exacting hobby he had enjoyed for twenty-five years.

Photography extended its complications to being photographed. Sitters had to compose themselves to a wait of anything between forty-five seconds and a minute and a half while the lens-cap was taken off and replaced; and heaven knows what posings and shiftings of screens and attendances on the sun preceded that ordeal. Many of Carroll's sitters, as one might expect, were children, and for them he had filled his room with an apparatus of entertainment that included a railway, a marionette theatre, conjuring tricks, dolls, and toys, a distorting mirror, a clockwork bear, and a flying bat of his own invention. There were also a number of musical boxes, which could be varied by being run backwards, and an organette playing paper rolls. Tea itself —many of these sessions must have occupied whole afternoons—was made in a teapot that swung for exactly ten minutes, while the host walked up and down telling anecdotes. Possibly it is true, as some of his young sitters complained afterwards, that he forgot to give them enough to eat. The whole subject calls for that lyrical attentiveness which De Quincey, in his funniest essay, devoted to the last years of Immanuel Kant.

Three at least of Carroll's odd inclinations converged very happily on the art that had launched thirty-five glasshouses in Regent Street. First, he would have loved to draw "likenesses," as Lear painted parrots, and couldn't. Second, any sort of mechanical artifice obviously entranced him. And third, there was his predilection for little girls, a strange mixture of passion and innocence, which the new mysteries of photography could promote along lines agreeable to himself as to his sitters.

He was (Mr. Gernsheim quotes him as deliciously letting out) "fond of children, except boys." He liked his little favourites to be pretty, and—though this was a rare and modest enough venture—to photograph them naked. "Mrs. L. brought Beatrice, and I took a photograph of the two; and several of Beatrice alone, *sans habilement*." No examples of this harmless if un-Grundyish pursuit remain, all evidence of it having apparently been destroyed after Carroll's death at his wish. Perhaps that is no loss. The sentimental excesses that disfigured his attempts at "serious" poetry may well have found their outlet here. "For the name of the secret is Love!" he once exclaimed in lines that link him dreadfully with Mr. Walt Disney:

> For I think it is Love
> For I feel it is Love
> For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

This, in a mood far from skittish, he considered his greatest poem.

But of such strained sentiment there is little or no trace in the sixty-four photographs collected by Mr. Gernsheim, and now, with a very few exceptions, published for the first time. They reveal a genius for portraiture that one may have suspected but never, as it were, envisaged: both their excellence, and the important part played by photography in Carroll's life will strike as a charming surprise. His little girls, needless to say (and boys looking like girls), come out best. The character and mood of each, when he succeeds, have been beautifully coaxed. Beatrice Henley (No. 14), hat in hand and leaning, with her legs crossed, against a church wall, preserves a half-smiling, looking-away complicity as easy as her whole attitude; Marcus Keane (No. 20), who can't be much over three, hugs a wooden horse and looks straight at us in frank distrust; another straight looker, Zoe, the six- or seven-year-old daughter of Dean Strong (No. 26), has a straight mouth and a straight hair line that go well with the family name; and so on, through the pensiveness, prettiness, determination and shy looks of some forty among his little friends, few of whom have passed seven. Some of the family groups are almost as appealing; but on rare occasions when the accompanying figure is Papa, he is made to look an intruder indeed. George Macdonald, holding up an open book in one hand and encircling his daughter Lily with the other, stares at the photographer in undisguised fury, while an anguish of uneasiness seems to have seized the Rev. C. Barker like that of a sensitive hound that is having its tail pulled. This doesn't prevent Carroll, however, from having his successes with grown-ups. The portraits of the Rossetti family all speak for themselves, and the gypsy pose of Ellen Terry at eighteen catches a most artful casualness. Lewis Carroll's distinction as a photographer, observes Mr. Gernsheim, lies in his gift for natural posing and graceful design. By what mechanisms, more complex than those needed for any mouse, he persuaded his sitters to their one-minute ordeal, we know already.

Mr. Gernsheim, who has already introduced Mrs. Cameron to the twentieth century, places Carroll among his fellow-photographers. His book gives an account of the early decades in the new art, quotes at length from unpublished Carroll diaries, reprints Carroll's own writings on photography, and is (claims the publisher) "definitive and exhaustive." Certainly it throws an enhancing side-light on the most irresistible and curious of all the great Victorians.

G. W. STONIER

BOOKS ON ART

Camera Studies of European Sculpture and Craftsmanship. *Cassell.* 30*s.*
A Century of French Painting, 1400-1500. By GRETE RING. *Phaidon Press.* 35*s.*
El Greco. By DR. LUDWIG GOLDSCHEIDER. *Phaidon Press.* 25*s.*
Lorenzo Ghiberti. By DR. LUDWIG GOLDSCHEIDER. *Phaidon Press.* 25*s.*
Thomas Rowlandson: His Life and Art. By BERNARD FALK. *Hutchinson.* 63*s.*

First, *Camera Studies of European Sculpture and Craftsmanship*. As its title implies, the aim of this book is almost exclusively æsthetic. But such has been the photographer's intelligence, there is no plate which does not immediately stimulate our imagination and force us to regard its subject with a keenness of appreciation we might not feel before the original. The *objets d'art* reproduced, wholly and in detail, were, for the most part, shown in the recent exhibition of Art Treasures from Vienna at the Tate; visitors who can only remember the highlights—Tintoretto's Susannah and Vermeer's Studio—will, on turning the pages of this book, be shocked at the artistic insensibility which allowed them to overlook such a masterpiece as Alessandro Vittoria's *Allegory of Winter* (plates 56 and 57). This small bronze, no higher than ten inches, appears, on reproduction, to be one of the masterpieces of Venetian mannerism. Every fold in the drapery, every furrow in the modelling of the face, is shown in the full intensity of its expressiveness: an intensity which, in the diffused lighting of a large gallery and in a showcase crowded with similar statuettes, is all too easily overlooked. The same careful lighting and fastidious choice of detail characterise all the other plates: a distinction which leads one to conclude that far more can be done for the proper understanding of art by an informed and skilful reproduction of detail, than by the concentration of whole pictures, or even frescoes, into the space of a single page; and, what is more important, that the camera has made the existence of subjective prose-picture interpreters an anachronism.

The lesson of this book shows, with happy results, in three books recently published or reissued by the Phaidon Press. Of these, Dr. Grete Ring's *A Century of French Painting, 1400–1500*, must be counted the most important since it deals very fully with a subject hitherto almost ignored by writers in English, but none the less of prime importance in European art. Its highest achievements are, of course, well known: the Avignon *Pietà*, the Berlin Altarpiece of Fouquet, the altarpiece that the Maître de Moulins painted for the cathedral of his home town. But because the general corpus of French fifteenth-century painting is small, and its masterpieces not easily accessible, at least to the English, this book is bound to introduce the reader to a whole new realm of painting sometimes as fine as the achievements of Quattrocento Italy, and almost always possessing a sensuous charm which is the opposite of that cold cerebration which makes much Italian painting difficult, if not positively unattractive, to the amateur. The distinct characteristics of this painting it is not easy to define: the artists of fifteenth-century France were sensitive to impulses from Italy, like Fouquet, and from the Lowlands, like the Master of Saint Giles. They cannot be considered a compact and individual unit. But their art was for the most part imaginative and accomplished: bold without loss of intimacy, detailed but not diffuse, a happy compromise, as it were, between the more influential painting of their contemporaries in the North and South. Dr. Ring's book will be principally valued for its plates, which are superb. But there is also a valuable short introduction, clear and precise, and a large, very detailed catalogue of every important picture painted in France during this period. It is a remarkable achievement.

Next, Dr. Goldscheider's *Ghiberti*. Hitherto, there has been no properly illustrated English book on this immensely important sculptor, a fact that appears particularly curious when one reflects that his Baptistery Doors are usually the first artistic monument to be inspected by British visitors to Florence. The importance of these Doors cannot be over-estimated: executed in a style that appeared to his contemporaries a model of classicism, but in fact retaining that tradition of Gothic linearism, which is, perhaps, the most persistent characteristic of Florentine art, they must be numbered amongst that handful of masterpieces to which all subsequent Florentine artists turned to for instruction. Without a good knowledge of these Doors, it is impossible to understand Florentine art of the 15th and 16th centuries, and one could scarcely acquire one's understanding more profitably than through this book. The photographs are magnificent. They show the Doors entire, and the reliefs singly; and there is, besides, a series of details which very subtly underline the salient characteristics of Ghiberti's art. As in the previous book there is a short introduction, useful principally for its account of Ghiberti criticism through the centuries, and a series of detailed, scholarly and cautious notes. But the most valuable part of the letterpress is the translation of Ghiberti's Autobiography, which, in its references to Gothic sculptors like Francesco di Valdambrino and realists like Brunelleschi, both apparently seen as part of the same scheme, does much to explain how Ghiberti's contemporaries could find him both revolutionary and acceptable.

Last of the Phaidon Books, *El Greco*, a reissue. It is unnecessary to say much of this already familiar book except that the scrupulous Dr. Goldscheider has revised the plates, omitting certain doubtful works and introducing some discoveries. El Greco is as little understood in our time as Raphael was in the nineteenth century. Dr. Goldscheider's book, by emphasising the sources of El Greco's mannerism, does much to free him from the current view of him as an isolated genius, unfettered by tradition, whose drawing and colouring were sufficiently strange for us to claim him—flatteringly—as one of ourselves, a "modern." The plates are excellent throughout.

After these two beautiful, serious and painstaking books, it is depressing to turn to an all-English production, *Thomas Rowlandson: His Life and Art*, by Bernard Falk. Garrulous, jingoistic and costly, this book is distinguished by such a lack of artistic comprehension as one would scarcely expect from a gossip-columnist.

He (Rowlandson) sat at the feet of many masters,

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from Peter Breughel to David Teniers the Younger, and all in turn, though not to the same extent, had a turn in determining his technique. . . . Once conscious of his strength and mastery, he threw off his borrowings as decisively as Watteau, once sure of himself, was to end his spiritual servitude to Rubens, Titian and Paolo Veronese.

DAVID CARRITT

HEWN FROM GRANITE

An Autobiography. By Sir ARTHUR KEITH. *Watts.* 25*s.*

How clearly a life recollected in old age reveals the lost sensibility of childhood! Here is a thickset autobiography, the chronicle of eighty-two years, yet it is only for the first ten of them that we are made aware of a sensitive creature moving in an exciting, sensible world. From the moment the shades of the prison house begin to close on Arthur Keith his story becomes a pedestrian account of small failures and gradually mounting successes, of friendships, work, opinions; slight affairs of the heart mingle with anatomical studies of that organ; comments on fellow men with speculation on human origins. There is, indeed, a pleasant afterglow, a gentle revival of the senses that warms the last, declining years, but it is in the opening pages, the days of childhood, that experience wears at least a few tatters of celestial light. The small farmhouse of Aberdeen granite with the box bed where nine Keiths were begotten and born; the "clash and swish of milk pails" in the early morning, the whole enchanted course of the River Don which flowed below Quarry Farm—all these are illumined. The episode in which young Arthur plunges across the flooded river to fetch the boat and row his mother over in time to catch her train, has a glory, an heroic strain, never recaptured in the later accounts of triumphs in the learned world.

It is, I think, doubtful whether Arthur Keith, sixth product of the box bed, would ever have left the soil by the present mechanism of State education. After trial at two grammar schools, paid for by his father, it was decided that the boy had no aptitude for scholarship and in his seventeenth year he returned home eager only to become a successful farmer. Working in the fields and among the cattle, this was he says—and I think candidly—the happiest year of his life. Then fate sent its puppet to the door in the shape of a student come to coach the young laird at the big house; he was taken in as a lodger and his talk roused Arthur to an envy of undergraduate life at Aberdeen. At this late hour the arts and humanities were beyond his reach, but his father stepped in again and found the modest fees for the two years' course necessary to get him into the Medical School. From that moment the career began.

There is no evidence either in the *Autobiography* itself or in the story which it tells of exceptional brilliance; rather it is a record of good ability founded on character and driven forward by honest ambition. In place of a developing inner life we are given the impression of a man building himself up stone by stone with his papers, lectures, books and with the distinguished acquaintance, the honorary degrees, the meetings with royalty that come his way. Arthur Keith watches the building rise with a perennially youthful surprise and satisfaction. When a brother drowns himself after an unsuccessful attempt to cure drug-addiction, he inherits his golf clubs, and, becoming infatuated with the game, comments "Bill's death, then, brought some diversion into the life of Mann's Place" (Keith's house in the country). He himself comments on a sense of immaturity which does not diminish with the years; in such men character and will grow so tall that the emotional life wilts in their shade.

Research was always able to rouse his imagination. It is a defect of the *Autobiography* that its rigidly chronological plan breaks the development of his ideas into disjointed fragments. He had the distinction, exceptional then and now probably impossible, of contributing substantially to research in both medicine and palæontology. He was for long equally fascinated by the working of the human body and by its history. It was, however, as an authority on ancient man that Sir Arthur won widest recognition and it cannot be said that in this field time has treated him kindly. Not only was the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons to which he devoted so much of his life blown sky-high in 1941, but many of his opinions have been hardly more fortunate. Having in his youth boldly championed the great antiquity of *Homo Sapiens* as the ancestral species of all modern men, he later gave up this idea in favour of deriving each of the principal modern races of mankind from distinct primitive species. Now fresh evidence has turned the trend of thought firmly back towards his original hypothesis, but Sir Arthur himself has not been willing to turn again. Then, too, in one of his last important publications he claimed the type of man found at Mount Carmel as an intermediate between Neanderthal Man proper and the modern Caucasian race; it is now generally accepted that the Carmel type was, on the contrary, among the ancestors of Neanderthal Man before this unsuccessful branch of the human stock had reached its final, and fatal, degree of specialisation. Blow after blow has fallen. Since Sir Arthur wrote his *Autobiography* scientific methods of dating have proved his old favourite Galley Hill Man to be of no considerable age, while even Piltdown Man has been abruptly rejuvenated and is now known to belong to the last interglacial phase of the Ice Age—very much a junior when set beside the venerable hero of Swanscombe, who has become the recognised doyen of Europe.

This life is perfectly consistent in its strengths and weaknesses, its rewards and failures. We can assume that a certain lack of sensitiveness, of the intuitive foresight of genius, allowed Keith to identify himself with many opinions now discredited. On the other hand his determination and vitality, the courageous enthusiasm with which he taught, disputed and wrote, have pushed his subject far forward even in the face of his mistakes. We in the south have need of the stiffening brought by such sons of the granite.

Now he has returned to the farming life to which he was born, and seems again to be able to enjoy his senses as he tends his livestock, his fields and hedges. It is pleasant to think of this strenuous rationalist settling down for his last years in the shadow of Charles Darwin's old home. The *Autobiography* is, he says, his last book.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

LETTERS FROM PROUST

Letters to a Friend. By MARCEL PROUST: translated by A. & E. Henderson. *Falcon Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Proust's letters to his young friend Georges de Lauris touch and illuminate *A La Recherche* at many points, but they recall to mind no scene so vividly as that of Marcel's visit to Saint Loup at the garrison town. Few episodes in *A La Recherche* are so unmixedly happy; freed for a while from the gnawing of sexual jealousy, the stifling love and goodness of his grandmother, and the fidgeting closeness of his sick room, Marcel expands and shines in the presence of Robert and his brother officers, his femininity flattered by their attentions to his delicate health and their deference to his superior sensitivity, his masculinity reassured by acceptance in so stressedly normal a circle. Only an eternal prolongation of such an atmosphere could at once have satisfied his essential love of conformity and his nonconforming erotic needs. It was unfortunately an episode of escape, a happy holiday from which there had to be a return. In many of Proust's letters to M. de Lauris one is aware of his hope of achieving something of this unmixed happiness, and the charming and gentle tributes which M. de Lauris pays in his introduction emphasise the attraction that his friendship must have had for Proust in the aching solitude that followed his mother's death.

But if the letters sometimes shine with the carefree gaiety of Marcel's discourses to the admiring messroom, they are also clouded by the unhappiness and suspicion which the very duplicity of such a relationship necessitated. "You are wrong in thinking me fickle," Proust writes:

> The memory of the pleasure I have in seeing you and talking to you remains as lively and as delicious as ever. It is true that at one period I had hoped for an even closer friendship. But, after having guided you by the hand, step by step, onto the path which leads to the "road of my heart," three or four times, as soon as I had left you to yourself to see whether you would follow this path, you retraced your steps with dizzy and, as it were, instinctive haste. I know better than anyone that in the depths of our instincts there sleep certain aversions like those of a high-strung horse for a particular track . . . But obviously, since I finally gave up the hope of seeing you take this road, I did, by the same token, give up some part of yourself, which inevitably implies that I also took back some part of myself.

If it is a familiar picture, it is, none the less, sad. Indeed, it is a high tribute to the delicacy and kindliness of both parties that the friendship continued, and survived even M. de Lauris' marriage.

Something of its endurance was due to the interest and encouragement which his young friend showed for all Proust's literary work, something to the persistence with which he encountered the ever changing complications of Marcel's sick room visiting hours, but the most important factor would appear to have been the deeply considerate, at times almost exaggerated, sympathy with which Proust supported his friend in the loss of his mother. A reference to the death of Reynaldo Hahn's mother combined with these letters of comfort to Georges de Lauris would suggest that Proust found in such bereavements a possibility of complete sympathy with his friends which not only allowed him to overcome his normal, hedging fears, but also permitted him to release something of his own continuous longing for his mother in their grief. "When your mother was with you," he writes, "you often thought of those days, which have now come, when you would no longer have her. Now you will often think of bygone days when you did have her. When once you have accepted this terrible thing, once it is all forever become part of the past, then, softly, you will feel her come to life again, take her place again, her full place beside you." The sentiment is typical, but its intensity is moving.

Perhaps more psychologically revealing, however, is Proust's comment on his friend's visit to Holland after his mother's death. "This sort of honeymoon trip with your father whom you are helping to see the world afresh, moves me more than I can say." Even three years later, on the announcement of his friend's approaching marriage, Proust is still writing

> I find an extraordinary sweetness in the thought that you will give to this charming person whom your mother would have loved the name of Madame de Lauris which it would always have grieved me a little to see borne by another and which stands so high and pure, if not in my eye's memory since I never saw your dear mother, but, as it were, in my mind's memory.

Such obsession with the memory of someone never actually seen is surely a thread with which only Proust could have designed to weave a friendship. If these letters did no more than disclose this aspect of Proust's emotions they would be of great importance, but there are besides a series of fascinating remarks upon such varying subjects as Vézelay, Bernard Berenson, political tolerance, Bergson, and war-time journalism that make this excellently translated volume a vital section of the evergrowing Proustian glossary.

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A Selected List of Spring Books

ONCE again we have tried to extract from the publishers' lists of books promised for the Spring a manageable selection of those likely to appeal to our particular "common reader." At the time when they were making their plans, publishers had hanging over them the then unresolved question of the date of the general election. This uncertainty has reflected itself in delay in the production of books promised. We hope to publish another supplement in the early summer, which will cover the most important of these books. No book previously reviewed in these columns is included, though a few which are already out but have not yet been reviewed are included.

Art, Architecture, Music

COLOUR AND FORM. By Adrian Stokes. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

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THE SEQUENCE OF ENGLISH MEDIEVAL ART. By Walter Oakeshott. *Faber.* 35s.

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Autobiography and Reporting

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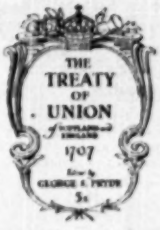

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Books in General

As willing to provoke posterity as he was to annoy his contemporaries, Samuel Butler warned us that we would admire him only because we were persecuting a Samuel Butler of our own time. With this unpleasant thought he left us to neglect him (as he said), burlesque him, boil him down or do what we liked. Mr. G. D. H. Cole who has often written searchingly and well on Butler's place in Victorian society has taken this licence. He has done a little boiling down. *The Essential Samuel Butler** contains the greater part of *Erewhon*, though not the sequel, a cut version of *The Way of All Flesh*, a piece of *Fairhaven*, an essay called *The Deadlock in Darwinism*, a sample of the translation of the *Odyssey*, two or three poems and several pages of the *Notebooks*. I would have gladly sacrificed the translation for some pages of *Alps and Sanctuaries*; we have had our own plain prose versions of the *Odyssey* and the effect of Butler's pre-Shavian irreverence is pedestrian; father-hatred has been a strong historical motive in the English expatriates. Butler was one of those wounded Englishmen whose natures seem to be annealed by travel.

As for the cutting of *The Way of All Flesh*, it reduces the final chapters to a scenario, and improves Butler thereby. But Butler improved and regenerate is not Butler. When he is a bore, he is a subtle and demure bore, in his own incurable and rather touching fashion. Incident for him, was not an element of story-telling, but an opportunity for argument. Towards the end the cutting has been reckless; one tumbles upon the surprising fact that Ernest Pontifex has left his wife and children when, from the text, as it has been left, there is no word of the marriage. The well-observed cockney episode of Ellen's secret drinking is left out altogether. Mr. Cole has our sympathy in his difficulties, but I would have preferred a more varied Butler anthology to this inevitable mutilation, for *The Way of All Flesh* is an unrelenting and level monologue; it is not a story.

An obtuse and tiresome note in The Concise Cambridge Shorter History of English Literature describes Butler as an overweening writer. Nothing could be less exact. Certainly he was difficult, aggressive and rather too determined on paradox at any price. He had the pugnacity often found in the timid, the pertinacity of an inquiring, sometimes pestering, mind. Yet there is fantasy, not presumptuousness in his lack of reverence for intellectual authority. He belongs to the eccentric class of reckless but practical philosophers whom we sometimes call cranks and whom we cherish above all as characters. For the aim of Butler's rebellions was to prove that rebellion was respectable. Cheat Mrs. Grundy but always respect her.

Butler's character has a double lock. The first turn of the key releases, with a rasp that is almost genial, the well-known hatred of his father and his family. With what filial zest he compares him to Beelzebub! This has become pretty well a public issue and some critics have seen in the unkind portraits of *The Way of All Flesh*, a fatal lack of sensibility, a lack (as, rather astonishingly, the author of *South Wind* has said,) of the male attributes of humility, reverence and a sense of proportion. But when *The Way* was first published, the attack on the Victorian father and family was at its height and far more than the question of personal relationships was involved in it. As for Butler's unfairness to his models, it is important to understand that the basis of Butler's creative imagination was fantastic. Violent pressure upon the mind has, inevitably, such an effect. It will be hard when the fifth commandment is interpreted to mean that we shall not see our fathers and mothers as comic characters. The Pontifexes live by their own right in the feverish climate of comic fantasy and Butler is no more reprehensible as an artist than Dickens was in his portraits of Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Nickleby. It is surely understood that satire expresses the terror of the unhappy and a fear of life.

Still, in art as in life, everything has to be paid for. It is clear that in *The Way of All Flesh*, the effectual characters are the enemies. Butler has no eye for the normal; for him the normal has the tenuousness of a romantic desire. He has but a mild capability in drawing what he likes or loves, and will so drily and defensively disparage them that they will seem feeble. This is, at any rate, true of *The Way of All Flesh*. It leads him to make a mediocrity and a shadow of Ernest Pontifex; he is a pathetic victim of scepticism so thoroughly applied that even the unpleasing reality that self-pity can give to character is denied him; worse still, Butler misses the chance of making Ernest a comic character. He is merely derisory. Instead of anticipating the hero of *Decline and Fall*, Ernest is merely a dim and passive pair of trousers scarcely filled by a feeble collection of follies and arguments. The objection often made to the portrait of Madame Bovary—that the author, in his isolation, simply killed her with the gratuitous excess of his intellect—can be made of the treatment of Ernest: he is simply frog-marched out of the picture by the sheer thuggery of free thought. The joke of making Ernest marry a prostitute and farm his children out on to a respectable bargee, when he comes into his fortune, is hollow; for Butler's principle that the unrighteous should get their reward has been misapplied. It is the feeble whom Mammon has rewarded, the unfit who has survived.

The strength of *The Way of All Flesh* comes, however, from its roots in the middling tradition of English satire. It draws upon the dry assumptions of plain good sense and disillusion, upon that amiable assurance which Butler must have learned from Fielding. And this brings us to the second turn of the key that we must give to Butler's character. The point has been made by Mr. Cole. Half of Butler's mind is in the 18th century. Because of their profession and their inherited wealth, the Butler family had preserved the outlook of the 18th century middle class before the industrial revolution, and remained untouched by it afterwards. They belonged to a professional caste who saw themselves as a group apart, and intellectually superior to the earnest figures of their time. We may doubt whether, even to Canon Butler, Mammon seemed quite so melodramatic in its wickedness, as it seemed to the 19th-century Christians. It does not seem at all unlikely that Butler's mother could wish her son to be half St. Joseph and half Don Juan. Then, Butler's appreciation of the full extravagance of human character—one recalls the episode of the Jordan water—is closer to the dry and measured jubilations of Gibbon; there is something Johnsonian in his taste for the blunt and the pithy, and in his misanthropic regard for common sense.

But especially the feeling of the 18th century is displayed in the strong autobiographical traits of his writing, in his personal independence, in his hatred of the machine, in his discursive habit, his belief in the amateur and, above all, in his final respect for convention. We have often seen hurt turn to timidity, timidity become truculence; we have often heard truculence swear it is common sense, and common sense turn out to be vulgar opinion; but in Butler common opinion was really the old 18th-century notion of "the opinion of the world" dressed up by him as a vital biological inheritance. In the Darwin controversies, Butler takes an eighteenth-century pride, in not being a specialist, in not being an expert. He is a "failure" in the 19th century and a humorous critic of it very largely for this reason. His indignations are those of an independent squire; and if Canon Butler behaved intolerantly, with narrow-mindedness and exasperation to his son, living in the set world of an eternal Sunday, Samuel Butler behaved with similar intolerance to all his contemporaries, poured contempt on pretty well every writer, with all the force of an over-fed 18th-century father revelling in his contradictions and disinheriting his sons.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's portrait of Butler in old age has not been surpassed nor has his sagacious judgment on Butler's mind and character.

> Butler's sense of humour often performed the service for him that the dove did for Noah in the ark. It flew out into the unknown bringing back to him an indication that he would soon find solid ground beneath his feet.

The words come from *Criticisms* and I will add this passage:

> He was a thorough-going hedonist, and therefore in poverty and suffering he could see neither beauty nor any possible value. Palpable well-being, such as the sight of a fruitful orchard may suggest, and as William Morris imagined (too æsthetically no doubt, for Butler's taste) as the reward of pleasant companionable labour—he would recognise no ideal less homely and "objective" than this. The happiness of affection between gentle, strong, amorous, beautiful people, among whom there is much kindness and little grief—that was his ideal; and it is one which translated into terms of everyday life in a complex civilisation admits of no contempt for wealth . . . He could never forgive the artist or poet who refused to kiss the earth; and his devotion to Shakespeare was, one suspects, due largely to the fact that Shakespeare was, after all, "the surest refuge from the saints."

An impression such as this is indeed created by Butler's writing; or rather, after we have submitted to his paradoxes, his satires, his polemics and campaigns, we are made to feel that is what he means, if it is not what he often says. This is a Butler who lies helpless between his words,

* *The Essential Samuel Butler*. Edited by G. D. H. Cole. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

The great damage that was done to him in his childhood gave him a craving for the "normal," but it could be suggested only by posing extreme statements and from their collision, hoping to extract the mean. So, throughout his work, his wisdom is a kind of guesswork and it has a power to move or convince when we feel the struggle of the mind behind it:

> "I tell you, Edward," said my father with some severity, "we must judge men not so much by what they do as by what they make us feel that they have it in them to do. If a man has done enough in painting, music or the affairs of life, to make me feel that I might trust him in an emergency, he has done enough. It is not by what a man has actually put down upon his canvas, nor yet by the acts which he has set down so to speak, upon the canvas of his life that I will judge him, but by what he makes me feel that he felt and aimed at."

This is pure Butler: the doctrine of the conflict, the fantasy, the guess, the growing point.

By that standard, we must admit, that passion is closed to him for he "does not believe" in grief or suffering. We shall remember that he turned the *Odyssey* into prose. We shall remember, too, that his injury had made him only painfully articulate when he felt: the hard lines on Miss Savage too drastic to be true, the pathos of his attempt to describe the loss of love in the sonnet supposedly addressed to Pauli, which is included in this book. But when the high and destroying moments have left us, when tolerance, good sense and the enjoyment of daily life are in question, when cults overbear and the price of life, as he might have said, is to be reckoned, he has the longheadedness of the comic spirit.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CULTURE AND CLASS

Disagreements. By R. C. CHURCHILL. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Churchill's book is sub-titled *A Polemic on Culture in the English Democracy* and plainly a polemic is a very jolly thing to write. Admittedly, it calls for rather more self-assurance than everybody possesses. It is probably essential, too, that the writer should be able to exhibit himself as an honest downright fellow with no nonsense about him and absolutely nothing up his sleeve; and this Mr. Churchill does so disarmingly that, reading him one would never be surprised if he pulled up his shirt and showed one his operation scar. Then, a certain intellectual arrogance is necessary, the kind that enables Mr. Churchill to patronise M. Maritain as "the intelligent M. Maritain." Other required qualities are intellectual philistinism, to enable the writer, when skirmishing with thinkers of the calibre of T. E. Hulme and Mr. Christopher Dawson, to dismiss the notion of original sin as "barbarous, pre-civilised"; considerable thickness of skin, so that he may indulge in such witticisms as "the sin against the Holy Boast"; and what can only be called rationalist Pharisaism, to allow him to write sentences like: "Prostitutes and priests may begin to lack custom, but the remedy lies in their own hands: they can turn over a new leaf and become ordinary decent men and women." Over-scrupulousness in controversy, however, is not necessary: if, for example, you attack the Marxism of Messrs. Auden, Spender, Day Lewis, Rex Warner, Lehmann and others there is absolutely no need to point out that they gave up Marxism ten years ago.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Churchill has had his fun: he has proved that he can cock a snook with anyone. Yet his polemicising does him less than justice, for he has something interesting to say and an important thesis to propound. Basing his definition of culture on M. Maritain's "a civilisation is deserving of the name only if it is a culture, a truly human and therefore mainly intellectual, moral and spiritual development—taking the work "spiritual" in its widest acceptation," he poses the following questions:

> Why is culture disappearing—or restricted to a minority of individuals—*just at the time* when the conditions for culture, a certain degree of material comfort and a certain amount of leisure time, have never before been so widely and wisely fulfilled? . . . What, then, is wrong with democracy that, in its comparative hey-day, it is failing to produce a cultured civilisation?

He then examines the Marxist and the Conservative diagnoses of English culture and finds the first erroneous, the second lacking; the Marxist conception of classes, he believes, has never corresponded with the actual facts of the class structure of England, while the Conservative conception of culture, the idea of culture as the product of the country house, is too narrow since it sees culture as exclusively of upper-class making. In both these chapters he emphasises the importance of the contribution the lower classes have made to English culture throughout its history and shows, conclusively it seems to me, that our culture has never been at any time the property of a single class. Then, in a very good chapter indeed, he analyses and finds wanting the views of such writers as Morris, Mr. Murry and Mr. Massingham, who see the decline in culture as intimately bound up with the decline of agriculture and the growth of industrialism. When he discusses the relation between culture and the decline in religious belief he is much less satisfactory. He sees the people of England as naturally Christian in sentiment; he does not convincingly show that they can remain so indefinitely without some belief in Christian dogma.

In his final chapters he states his own position, which is very much that of the Victorian Rationalist. He is far from denying the decline in cultural standards, but he is a long-term optimist. He concludes:

> I don't think it possible to over-estimate the cultural significance during the past decade of the refusal of our citizens in the distressed areas to fall for the revolutionary bait offered them by the Marxist upper classes. Another heartening sign is the continued interest shown by the majority of English townsmen in their gardens and allotments, despite the accusations of recently "converted" husbandmen that such urban dwellers are completely cut off from the soil. A third reason for hope is the continued reverence for the Christian sentiment in the majority of English hearts . . .

The whole problem of culture is admittedly difficult, but it is a great pity that, apparently, Mr. Churchill finished his book before Mr. Eliot's infinitely suggestive *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* was published. The great merit of *Disagreements* is the stress laid upon working and lower middle-class contributions to culture and on the importance of the Non-conformist elements in our culture. Even so, it seems to me Mr. Churchill at once claims too much and too little.

The truth surely is that within a national culture there exist several sub-cultures, regional and based on class. The importance of any one of these and their influence on culture as a whole are never constant but vary with the importance of the class or region. The culture of the urban working class, for instance, in the Midlands and the North, is much healthier to-day than is generally realised. Mr. Churchill mentions the working man's attachment to his garden; he could have added instances as striking: the tradition of choral singing, which shows no signs of failing and which considerably affects our culture as a whole when composers like Walton write works specifically designed for it: the enduring popularity of the amateur brass band: the rise in the past seventy years of Soccer in England and Rugger in South Wales to the status of what can only be called popular art-forms; the abiding enthusiasm for fishing and pigeon-fancying; even the Saturday-night concerts at working men's clubs and miners' welfare institutes, where much of the spirit of the old music hall, whose disappearance everyone deplores, is still powerful.

All this is healthy enough and is even a matter for some congratulation. It is when we look at the state of culture as a whole that decline becomes depressingly obvious. Mr. Churchill is absolutely right when he stresses the importance of the mechanics' institutes and Sunday early morning schools of the early and mid-nineteenth century. The working man who learnt to read and write in them did so in order to read the books the formally educated classes read. There existed, in other words, generally accepted standards of excellence. It is these that have disappeared. That they have done so is probably due in the first instance to the political power given to the individual citizen. For it seems more likely than not that all cultures, like almost everything else that is valuable, are preserved and maintained by minorities. Give a man the vote and the right to dispose of it as he wishes, make him to that extent the arbiter of government, and you will not find it easy to tell him at the same time that he is not also the arbiter of what is excellent in morals or the arts. The problem of standards, then, appears to be implicit in the very existence of democracy. But this is not a reason either for condemning democracy or for despairing of the future of our culture.

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Of these four, Humboldt and Darwin are more or less familiar to almost everyone. Humboldt's *Cosmos* in several volumes is on the higher shelves of all old libraries, and as for Darwin, whatever may have happened to his theories, his name remains a household word, and he shares with Gilbert White a place in our affections as one of the typical English naturalists—the greatest of the amateurs before the age of scientific specialisation. If Humboldt's *Voyages* and *Cosmos* are no longer much read, Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*, with its unromantically flat yet fascinating account of South American natural history, is still a popular book. La Condamine and Spruce are not so well known, are perhaps hardly known at all to the average reader, and one must be grateful to Mr. von Hagen for at least conveying the fact that they are well worth knowing.

From the time of its discovery until the year 1735, South America remained practically closed to all except its Iberian conquerors. In that year the French Academy of Science at last obtained leave from the kings of Spain and Portugal to send out an expedition led by La Condamine, who was a courtier and a wit, but also a man of determination and a scientist of genius. The object of the expedition was to test and if possible disprove Newton's opinion that the Earth was an oblate spheroid—and equatorial America provided the only possible testing ground.

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and Joseph Jussieu, minor member of a great botanical family, lost all the plants he had collected, and his reason. La Condamine, having done his job, and having, incidentally, discovered platinum and rubber, made his way slowly across Brazil via the Amazon and so home, where he married his niece and wrote the account of his experiences.

As a pendant to La Condamine's adventures, Mr. von Hagen tells of an appalling journey, made many years later through the Amazonian forest, by Isabella Godin, the South American wife of another member of the expedition. Mr. von Hagen does rather more than full justice, or so one hopes, to this uncommonly gruesome story, which certainly suits his style better than do more sober scientific events.

In 1774 La Condamine had died, aged seventy-three. Forty-three years later Richard Spruce was born, the son of a schoolmaster and himself brought up to his father's profession. From his childhood, however, he was an ardent botanist, and his writings on the flora of Yorkshire brought him the friendship of Sir William Hooker, of Kew, and George Bentham, author of the famous *Handbook of the British Flora*. Through Hooker's influence and with Bentham's financial aid, Spruce went first on a plant-hunting expedition to Spain; and then, fulfilling his dearest ambition, in 1849 to Brazil. On the Amazon he met two other English naturalists, Henry Bates and Alfred Russell Wallace. He also collected and preserved with a neatness unsurpassed before or since a vast quantity of plants—most of them previously unknown to science.

Spruce worked on the Amazon for fifteen years, sending back his collections in case after case to Kew, studying the Indians, avoiding the "christianised" ones, the "Indians in a Shirt"—for here, as elsewhere, it seems, fallen human nature fell yet further under the impact of an alien culture—or dashing in his native-manned boat to nurse Wallace through a bout of fever: "Late in the afternoon," writes Mr. von Hagen of this trip, "they were on the river, plunging, paddling, bailing with all the care of dynamic death"—though how one bails with the care of dynamic death he does not say; nor was anyone in danger of dying anyway. After those fifteen years of botanising over the whole course of the Amazon, and its tributary the Rio Negro, Spruce returned to England to spend the remaining seventeen years of his life in honoured poverty—he was given a pension of £50 a year—and to make notes on his collection of thirty thousand plants.

Mr. von Hagen has written an interesting book in as much as it is about thoroughly interesting people. He cites a large bibliography, and according to his book's blurb he knows South America. The blurb also says that he has done research in biology and ethno-botany—whatever ethno-botany may be—but his scientific training does not save him from supposing that chromosomes are animal colouring-matter, nor does it deter him from wholesale padding, and from adopting a manner that would be well-suited to a serial romance in a pulp magazine. The book is better produced than are many in these days, and is illustrated with portraits, maps, and reproductions of old prints.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

ELIOT AND FRY

The Cocktail Party. By T. S. ELIOT. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Venus Observed. By CHRISTOPHER FRY. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

A play is not fully "out"—Bernard Shaw and Henry James agreed on this point—until we have both seen the stage production and had the text in our hands. By this test Mr. Fry's play is now fully, Mr. Eliot's only half, produced—except for those who saw it in Edinburgh and Brighton, or for the Americans. Yet if it is rather shaming to our theatre that New York should applaud the newest play of our leading poet before London can, the disgrace is more than offset by the ready welcome which it has given to Mr. Christopher Fry. It was not many years ago that verse plays were considered the least marketable of all conceivable theatrical products. Now, not only do our leading actors commission Mr. Fry to write for them, but the public, too, flock to hear him. This reveals a spirit of adventurousness all round—a willingness to take risks—that is something new and hopeful in our theatre.

Mr. Eliot's play has had no less a success than Mr. Fry's where it has been played. But then with *The Cocktail Party* he has taken the greatest pains to build on an established model so as to catch a wider audience. And indeed the first thing to be said about *The Cocktail Party* is that with it he has succeeded in this aim. It is difficult to judge how the text will strike those who have not seen the production. But I who have can vouch for its being highly effective with the kind of audience which probably does not read (and would not necessarily enjoy if it did read) Mr. Eliot's poetry. This in itself is a considerable achievement. Only those who have not had to sit through in one year as many badly built plays as a dramatic critic has to endure in the average month would underestimate this quality. But this success is achieved at a price. The text makes it clear that we lose in depth and richness what we gain in ease and speed.

Of course Mr. Eliot does not take the drawing-room comedy conventions perfectly seriously. There is a touch of slyness in his use of interruptions, telephone calls, door bells, not dissimilar to that which Bernard Shaw displayed in his early plays towards the current melodramatic conventions. But Mr. Eliot uses these conventions and devices so effectively that the play, together with whatever larger implications it tries to carry, slips down the ordinary theatre goer's throat as smoothly as an oyster. In this sense at least he may be said, with this play, to have achieved a more direct contact with ordinary human beings than he has ever achieved before. If the texture of the verse here is much less dense than it was in *Family Reunion*—carries less overtones and richness of association—it is yet remarkably lively and witty, pointed and shapely, and achieves a kind of Wildean elegance while retaining Mr. Eliot's very personal rhythm, idiom and irony.

At the same time there are weaknesses in the structure which become increasingly obvious as one reads his text. The play offers two solutions—or resolutions for the problem of personal dissatisfaction. A husband and wife at odds with one another are the exemplars of the first way. They must learn to put up with second best, to accept the limitations of themselves and their partners, they must be reconciled to their own mediocrity. And, within the somewhat restrictive conventions Mr. Eliot has chosen, they are steered successfully through by their guardians (disguised as friends or doctors) from disagreement to reconciliation. The process is made a good deal easier and altogether less painful than it might have been in life. But, dramatically speaking, this part "works." Less easy to convey within this convention is the alternative. A cocktail-drinking girl (the lover is of the erring husband) is suddenly presented to us as a candidate for sainthood and indeed is reported in the end as having achieved that state. To make this convincing to us, very careful preparation in the first presentation of her temperament would have been essential, much more than the dramatist has allowed himself space for. There is a question, too, of fitness involved—of whether the cocktail-party framework is really one which can enclose satisfactorily so extreme a case. But these questions cannot be answered in a short review nor until the play has had longer to make its impact. What one can say is that Mr. Eliot has succeeded here, at least in the first two acts, in inspiring a new kind of life into an almost exhausted form. Behind the easy comedy façade flicker all the time the disturbing shadows of a world behind the world. He creates two layers of living and keeps them moving in the same ambit, and he keeps our expectation alive all the way through to know how they will finally fit.

Expectation, of any kind, is just what Mr. Fry does not arouse in his plays. Reading *Venus Observed* does not materially alter the impressions I formed of it when I saw it: for all the brilliant verbal invention, the energy and high spirits of its parts, as a whole it is wanting in structure. I have noticed elsewhere this demand for structure characterised as old fashioned, reactionary, diehard. To speak of plot and character and development is, in this connection it is said, hopelessly to misunderstand. It is to apply dead critical canons derived from Pinero, Ibsen, William Archer to a quite new form to which they are irrelevant. *Venus Observed*, this argument runs, is a dramatic *poem*, "a dance of words," as Mr. Peter Brook has called it, attempting "to free the theatre from realism and the novel." With this last aim no one could sympathise more wholeheartedly than I do. But of course the wish to write plays that are more like poems or dances than like realistic novels does not absolve the writer from the necessity of constructing. A poem, even the shortest, has a structure and a development; if it has neither it is not a poem, however striking the imagery of its phrases. A dance, too, if it is not just a spontaneous demonstration, has organisation, an inner structure, which takes it from its beginning through its middle to its end. These are elementary enough observations. But they seem to need re-stating.

The question that poses itself straight away with *Venus Observed* is: on what level we are to take the series of events that he sets going and the people he invents to go through them. They are not ordinary events by any manner of means, and no people, Mr. Fry would undoubtedly agree—it is one of his themes—are ordinary. We are not, of course, to take them as we would take the people of a realistic novel. But exactly how are we to take them? It is the business of the author to impose his view on us. And I don't feel that Mr. Fry has done it. In the text it is true that we are much less bothered by the petering out of interest in the events than we are when they are exhibited on the stage. We accept them as a firework display where

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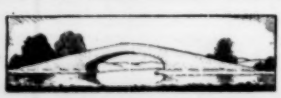

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jokes and puns and mad servants and fires and pistol shots and minor accidents are going off in succession and we turn inconsequentially from one to the other and enjoy their blazing and dying. But I do not think that this essentially frivolous effect is what Mr. Fry is aiming at.

To find an adequate fable, a myth that will express his view of life in action, that seems to be Mr. Fry's prime task. For when he finds it, he has at his command a remarkable instrument. Read simply as a dramatic poem, *Venus Observed* continuously delights me with its felicities; and it may very well be my own denseness that does not see something beyond this. But Mr. Fry has certainly developed a flexible dramatic line: he has a remarkable gift of phrase: he has fertility, inventiveness, flow. It may seem ungrateful when he gives us so much to demand more: but without this more, Mr. Fry's work seems to me in danger of falling short of its own possibilities.

T. C. WORSLEY

WELSH NEIGHBOURS

The Welsh. By WYN GRIFFITH. *Pelican Books.* 1s. 6d.

What makes Wales so Welsh? Welsh, that is, in the sense of foreign, unfamiliar; further off, in certain ways not easy to define, than either the Irish or the Scots? For nobody will deny that, once the border is well crossed, especially in the north, there is an atmosphere, an unpredictability about ordinary human intercourse, which needs explaining. There have, of course, been many attempts to explain it. None of these makes any less valuable Mr. Wyn Griffith's brief, loving, dispassionate interpretation. Mr. Griffith is a Welsh-speaking Welshman who learned English at school and has since come to know the world and to lose his regional illusions. He knows that the Welsh need explaining to the English, and with beautiful self-discipline has contrived to explain them without passion. The result is a little book which both charms the reader and contributes much to mutual understanding.

The great foreignness of the Welsh lies, of course, in their language, which has not been kept alive (like Irish) by artificial respiration, but is, in perhaps rather more than half the country, the language of the hearth. Why has the Welsh language so obstinately survived, never being overlaid or absorbed by the conquerors? The answer, Mr. Griffith believes, is in the Welsh mountains, which discouraged penetration. The Romans scarcely bothered with this inaccessible hinterland, and until the eighteenth century, when horrid grandeur in scenery became the fashion, the English, too, ignored it. Behind their barrier the Welsh slowly grew up into a nation, with their language and their temperament unimpaired.

The Welsh temperament is as attractive as it is unusual. At once narrow and passionate, aesthetically undeveloped except through the ear, which is abnormally sensitive, their language is of such emotional importance to them that it has produced a phenomenon perhaps unmatched in Europe—a cultured and poetic peasantry. For the excellence of Welsh lyric poetry we must take Mr. Griffith's words: what is extraordinary (and true) is that the herdsman and the postman may be absorbed in abstruse questions of Welsh prosody, and capable of producing intricate and beautiful specimens for the *Eisteddfod*. The Welsh temperament, too, is one that seeks to please, and is singularly well equipped to do so. The pleasing may sometimes be at the expense of reliability or truth, but the charm is—to most southerners, at least—far more endearing than, say, the Yorkshire relish for rudeness and mistrust.

Mr. Griffith makes no great claims for the musical abilities of the Welsh; rightly, perhaps, since they have no good original music, but are gifted only with pleasant voices and a zest for singing. Still, even that is much. On the subject of Welsh nationalism he shows sympathy, but little hope—which would perhaps be the reaction of most of us if we were brought to consider the question. Everybody who reads Mr. Griffith must understand (and sympathise with) the preference of the Welsh people for being as Welsh as possible; nobody but a Welsh Nationalist can think the policy politically sensible.

MARGARET LANE

Asian Horizon. Vol. 2, No. 3, Autumn-Winter 1949-50. 3s. 6d.

The struggle between the totalitarian and non-totalitarian worlds may well be decided by the turn of events during the next few years in the Far East. Yet rarely in our lifetime have we known less of what happens there than at the present time. Let us therefore be grateful for the appearance of *Asian Horizon's* new number, which contrives to throw light where light is badly needed. Far and away the most valuable feature in it is an account written with almost scientific impartiality by the former correspondent in China of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. As we might expect, plays, popular songs and even the repertory of the professional story-tellers are being "purged" and re-shaped into conformity with the Party "line." It is fascinating if a trifle disconcerting for an *alticionade* of the Chinese theatre to speculate upon how so well loved and romantic a play as for instance *The Rainbow Bridge* could be turned into a disquisition of historical materialism. Yet, when one comes to think of it, even here in this charming fairy-story you can if you like catch hints of the coming class-struggle . . . The old-fashioned funeral that filled the Peking streets with fantasy, and left the mourning family often on the brink of bankruptcy, is now frowned on. One finds the Communists have right on their side here, and in their advocacy of cremation.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,048

Set by Tom Paine

Overheard in Kingsway:

(Powerful characteristic Western American voice): "But I don't do that! If I don't like I don't buy."

(English accent, possibly from Oxford): "I do not think that you quite understand the position."

Competitors are invited to continue this conversation for 150 words.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,045

Set by Aylmer Vallance

The usual prizes are offered for a Lament on a Lost Deposit—up to 14 lines of verse.

Report by Aylmer Vallance

In a huge entry, the great majority concurred in my assumption that "deposit" should be read in a political sense, not in relation to Hire Purchase, as a few supposed, or to the failure (unlikely even under a Labour Government) of one of the Big Five banks. I had also assumed, again rightly, that "lament" might suggest

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Company Meeting

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

CONDITIONS IN THE FAR EAST

The Ninety-sixth Ordinary General Meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China will be held on April 4 at 38, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. V. A. Grantham:

Compared with last year's figures, current and other accounts fixed deposits and acceptances are greater by £8,105,084, £963,294 and £7,058,158 respectively, while on the assets side, cash in hand and at bankers at £25,994,576 shows the substantial increase of £6,528,940, the ratio to our call liabilities being 22.13 per cent. Government and other securities, apart from those lodged against our note issue, have been reduced by £3,881,002 and this reduction is reflected in the increased cash position and in increased advances to customers and other accounts, which have gone up by some £2,263,391, once again indicating the substantial extent to which we are assisting world trade with Eastern countries.

The net profits for the year at £515,592 are higher by £48,481 than last year in spite of continually increasing working costs in all parts of the world. In almost every Eastern country in which this bank operates, however, working conditions have deteriorated during the year, and it would be natural now to expect diminished net returns.

An interim dividend was paid in October last of 6 per cent. less income tax, absorbing £99,000, and it is now proposed to pay a final dividend of 6 per cent. less income tax, costing £99,000 net. Again this year your directors recommend allocation to the pension fund and widows' and orphans' fund of £100,000 and £15,000 respectively.

While British trade, in the opening stages after devaluation of sterling, has shown considerable resilience—a resilience which has also been passed on in some measure to the countries in the Far East with currencies aligned to sterling—and the prosperity of the United States has stood up well to the shock of the appreciation of the dollar against almost all the currencies of the world, problems of real difficulty are calling for solution in both countries, and it must be very clear that any marked recession in the prosperity of the United States or in the trading position of Great Britain could not fail to have serious repercussions upon all countries in the world, and especially perhaps upon those in the Far East in which we are so interested. Nevertheless, trade and commerce are the very life blood of all these countries, and, in spite of the many uncertainties inherent in the disturbed conditions with which they are assailed, I hope that the bank will continue to play a notable part in the furtherance of the trade of these areas, without which none of them can hope to prosper.

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Dunbar, or alternatively, Mr. Hugh McDiarmid; but, alas, most entries in the bagpipe mode suffered from the delusion that Lallans is as spoken by the late Sir Harry Lauder. Many competitors were content to be facetious where surely either pity or anger must have some place—a count against E. W. Fordham's "Intellectual" who "learned the penalty of standing on his head," and R. S. Jaffray's wail that "It's made the damned election pay!"

Sonnets were uneven: "Glercq" had a good entry marred by one strained line. Political sympathies seemed to be nicely distributed, with a slight tendency to jest at the Liberals—"Was I the party's loss, Or splinter of Lloyd's cross?" (Norman Johnson)—and to regret the fate of Independents, consoled by Cyril Hughes, in a second entry, with the reflection that Labour voters "would not love thee, Clem, so much, Loathed they not Winston more." Prizes of a guinea each go to L. G. Udall, for a moving Cymric threnody; Cyril Hughes; D. Simmons; D. E. C. Cave; "Dolion," for a nice re-hash of Catullus; and, for the honour of Scotland, the Rev. J. P. Stevenson. Honourable mention to David Hughes for Nashing his political teeth; to Stanley J. Sharpless for a spirited Ballad of the defeated anti-Fissionist; and to Guy Innes for the downfall of "Superior Dosset."

Lo, there is no warmth at my thigh,
Of one hundred and fifty pounds am I bereft.
I stood for truth and honest dealing—
Of three thousand shillings am I mulcted.
Much can I bear in the strife
But, look you, thirty-six thousand pence
Swept from hands that shook
Only in greeting with warm friendliness
Rend open a man's soul
Letting the iron enter.
Indeed of one hundred and forty-four thousand farthings.
Remains only the blue smoke of sacrifice.
O, Mother of Parliaments
I request and demand Proportional Representation.

L. G. UDALL

One hundred and fifty carefully deposited quids
O Marx! O Leningrad!
Even unmultiplied by a hundred would have bought a lot of food for the kids.
O Fascist dogs and traitors!
Was it historical necessity or just plain miscalculation
O Stalingrad! O Pravda!
That caused us to be so clueless about the state of the nation?
O Titoist deviators!
I must read the Line more carefully to get my bearings right again.
O Piratin! O Gallacher!
And perhaps—who knows?—if my patter's good they'll give me the chance to fight again.
O United Effrontery!
The Pollittical scene is gloomy now, but King St. eyes are dry.
For, Eastward, skies are brighter, and Engels sing on high.

CYRIL HUGHES

Oh, I shall mark this tragic day with ashes
Heaped on my head until I wear a poll
As black as Thursday's. Nothing can console
Me in the racking thought that all that cash is
Gone down the drain. My policies were sound.
I promised meat, cheap beer, wigs, dental plates,
Eggs, sugar, houses, pensions, welfare States
And income tax at ninepence in the pound.
I know that I did everything I could
To snare the floating vote. Then why, why was it
I lost, not just my seat, but my deposit?
I'll go no more to London, for what good
Is strolling, with Westminster as a backcloth
Dressed in a double-breasted suit of sackcloth?

D. SIMMONS

Down among the lost deposits
Plopped the hopes I pitched so high.
From the walls the tattered posters
Mock perfervid rivalry.
Faint and faltering inner voices
Seek to soothe the smarting soul:
More than one grave Elder Statesman
Sprouted from a lower poll.
I who wooed the Sovereign People
Bow before the People's voice,
I who flattered their discernment
Can but wonder at their choice.

D. E. C. CAVE

Lugete O comites viae sinistrae
Et quantumst hominum rubentiorum!
Nam nostrae periere cautiones,
Rubri deliciae ducis, Politti,
Quos plus Sarmaticis suis amabat—
Nummi, quos Operante cum Diurno
Tenere in gremio suo solebat.
Nunc eunt per iter tenebricosum
In fiscum, unde negant redire quicquid.
At vobis male sit, mali Britanni,
Caeci, qui omnia laeva devoratis;
Vestra nunc opera mei Politti
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

DOLION

THE LAMENT of Flora McWhimsey, B.A., late Scottish Nationalist candidate for Glasgow (Broomielaw).

O waly waly for Prince Chairles
And waly waly doon the Clyde;
Weel may I mope for Scotland's hope
And ma hunnert and fifty poon' beside.

As we cam' doon tae Glescae toon
We were a vote-compelling sight—
Ma agent clad in a hodden plaid
And I in the tairtan o' the Right.

But the Road tae the Isles goes on for miles
And naebody's heerd o' the Earl o' Moray;
Romance is dead where Wallace bled—
I'll back tae where I was borrn (in Surrey).

J. P. STEVENSON

It would be insaign
Having brought to an end one's unsuccessful campaign,
Not to exercise the grim prerogative of those who have lorced—
The cultivation of a cheerful manner, even if forced.
A broad smile
May quite well be a vile
Necessity,
But it makes the crude sneers and unpleasant remarks of one's acquaintances a lessity;
Besides, long before, one has always concluited
That one was scarcely suited
To public life, since, after all, being an M.P. was no morfeiting.
That forfeiting
One's deposit,
Or wosit?

DAVID HUGHES

CHESS: How Far *Can* You See?

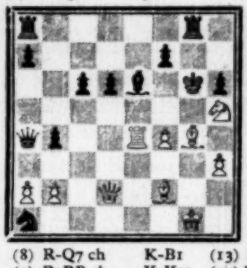
No. 28

When first dealt with a month or two ago, this subject produced such a response from readers that at least one further article will be required to do justice to the most interesting suggestions and contributions. This time, H. Ainsworth, E. Hopkinson, and M. Kaye earned the equivalent of a consolation prize each.

Ainsworth submitted pleasing evidence of his own "farsightedness." In this position against that hopeless old sucker A. N. Other he announced a mate in 7:

(1) Q-R5ch KtxQ
(2) PxP ch K-Kt3
(3) B-B2 ch K-Kt4
(4) R-Kt1chKt-Kt6
(5) RxKtch K-R5
(6) Kt-B3ch K-R4
(7) B-Kt6 mate

Hopkinson dug out a "mate in 16" announced by Blackburne in a blindfold game against Sir W. Scott:



(1) RxB ch K-R2!
(2) Q-Q3chR-Kt3
(3) QxR ch PxQ
(4) R-K7chK-Kt1
(5) B-K6chK-B1
(6) R-B7ch K-K1
(7) Kt-B6ch K-Q1
(8) R-Q7 ch K-B1
(9) RxRP ch K-Kt1
(10) Kt-Q7ch K-B1
(11) Kt-B5ch K-Q1
(12) R-Q7 ch K-B1
(13) R-KB7 ch K-Q1
(14) Kt-Kt7 ch K-K1
(15) KtxP ch K-Q1
(16) B or R mates

Here Blackburne is on the losing side in one of the most famous games of Zuckertort's, whose 28th move was Q-Kt4!! Had the sacrifice been accepted, Zuckertort would have announced a mate in 8. But Blackburne played R(1)-B4, and the game proceeded:

(29) R-B8ch KxP
(30) QxP ch K-Kt2
(31) BxP ch KxR
(32) B-Kt7 ch K-Kt1
(33) QxQ resigns

In this week's competition, A and B require no comment, except that they are quite ingenious studies, with White to win. Position C occurred in a match-game. Black played K-B6, and White, instead of safely drawing by Kt-K5, played Kt-Kt2. Why did he have to resign a few moves later? Usual prizes. Entries by March 27.

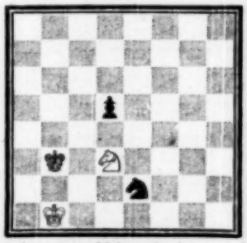
A

Selesniev 1935

B

Kiljakin 1924

C



Schwengers-Urban, Aachen 1949

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 23

A: (1) . . . B-B4ch; (2) B-Q3, Q-K7, etc.
(if 2) K-R1, B x P ch; (3) B x B, Q-K8, etc.
B: (1) Q-B6, Q-R6; (2) Q-B7, P-Q5; (3) Q-B8, P-Q6; (4) Q-Kt4ch, P-Kt5; (5) Q-K7 mate (if 1) . . . Q-B5; (2) K-Kt2, P-Q5; (3) Q x KP, P-Kt5; (4) Q-B6ch, Q-Kt4; (5) P-B4, etc.

Many competitors did not fully plumb the depth of the Loughran-Harrison position. Among those who did were E. Adam, J. Ansell, M. Kaye, M. Rumney, G. S. Whittuck. Prizes shared for particularly painstaking analyses of J. H. Beaty, E. W. Carmichael, E. N. Keen, A. C. S. Pindar. Correct solutions as well as additional material came from F. A. Rhoden, G. Smith, P. C. Wason, R. C. Woodthorpe. Some of their contributions are, indeed, so interesting that, to do them justice, the subject will have to be dealt with again in a month or two, with the usual book-tokens coming to those whose material will be used.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE Institute of Personnel Management is proceeding to appoint a full-time Director. The Institute is an independent association of practising personnel officers, working in co-operation with the British Institute of Management. Its two principal objects are to increase the knowledge and competence of its members, and to promote and develop personnel management. Desirable qualifications are (a) a degree or equivalent professional qualifications; (b) knowledge of industrial relations and personnel practice; (c) experience in industry or commerce; (d) administrative experience. Salary £1,500 per year for a person with these qualifications; otherwise a period of training at a somewhat reduced salary may be offered. Applications, giving all necessary details, marked Confidential, to Dr. C. H. Northcott, Institute of Personnel Management, Management House, Hill St., London, W.1.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from men and women for (a) four positions of Supervisor of Play Centres and Junior Clubs: salary £350 × £15—£500. Commencing salaries above the minimum may be authorised in suitable cases; (b) two positions of Physical Education Supervisor of Play Centres and Junior Clubs: salary £400 × £25—£650. Applicants for the two posts of Physical Education Supervisor must hold a recognised qualification as a teacher of physical education and so far as their duties in relation to physical education are concerned, the successful candidates will work under the direction of the Senior Inspectors of Physical Education. Commencing salaries will be based on qualifications and experience. The duties for all the posts will be to supervise play centre and junior club work, to give advice to centre superintendents and club leaders, to train and place assistants in play centres and junior clubs and to perform such other duties as may be required. Candidates should have training in or experience of play centre and/or club work. Evening work is involved. Successful candidates will be invited to take up their duties on September 1, 1950. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped add. foolscap env. necessary) must be returned not later than March 31. Canvassing disqualifies. (223)

BERKSHIRE County Council. Record Office. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Assistant (man or woman) to the County Archivist. The salary will be A.P.T. Grade I of the National Joint Council's scale (£360–£435) and the appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts and the Council's condition of service. Applicants must have adequate knowledge of English History, Medieval Latin and palæography and of the forms of English documents. A University degree is desirable. The work includes the care of modern as well as historical records, cataloguing and indexing. Canvassing will disqualify. Applicants must state in their application whether they are related to a member of or to the holder of any senior office under the County Council. The successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be delivered not later than March 27, 1950, to H. J. C. Neobard, Clerk of the Council, Shire Hall, Reading.

INSTITUTE for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency. Applications are invited for the positions of (1) Assistant Secretary. Applicants should have experience of work in the social services, and preferably in the mental health and further education fields. Secretarial qualifications also are required. (2) Appeals Secretary. With experience of flag-day organisation preferred. The salary for both these positions is from £400–£500 per annum. Applications with copies of two recent testimonials to be sent not later than March 25, to the General Sec., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

THE Howard League for Penal Reform invites applications for the post of Secretary of the League on the retirement of the Honorary Secretary in November, 1950. Salary £500 per annum (secured for four years only). Further particulars and forms of application (to be returned by April 12, 1950) obtainable from The Howard League, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1.

EDUCATED woman required for Headship of Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Children, Northwood, Middlesex. Experience with young children essential. Salary in case of Educational would be Burnham Scale, plus residential emoluments—for other applicants according to qualifications and experience—in any case not less than £400 p.a., plus residential emoluments. Application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St., London, W.1.

RESIDENT Assistant Warden required for N. International Hostel (capacity 40). Acton. Wages £3 10s. and board. Applications and full particulars to Chairman (L.C.) I.F.L., 3 Cromwell Rd. S.W.7.

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SOUTHGATE Constituency Party invites applications for post of Full-Time Agent for the period of one year in first instance. Salary and conditions in accord. with Nat. Agreement. Application forms from G. Downie, 715b, Green Lanes, N.21, to be returned not later than March 29, 1950.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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OXFORD Univ. Tutorial Classes Committee offers four training grants of £300 each for one year to young graduates who are intending tutors in adult education. Successful applicants expected to work in Lincoln, North Staffs. or Kent, by arrangement. Full particulars from Organising Secretary, Tutorial Classes Committee, Wellington Square, Oxford.

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of £60* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications on a prescribed form must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, at the Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 24, 1950. * In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Studentship up to a maximum of £241 for resident students and £180 for students who live at home, provided holder of the award did not enter a University prior to Oct., 1946.

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Hoover Postgraduate Studentship in Physics, Chemistry, Engineering or an allied subject, tenable from October 1, 1950, for two years. The Studentship, which is of the value of £275 a year, is open to both Internal and External Graduates of the University (students taking their Final Examination in June, 1950, are not eligible). Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than April 1, 1950.

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DETACHED House, quiet road, close Ealing Broadway. Admirably suitable professional and/or domestic occupation. All modern conveniences. Recently redecorated. 7 Bedrms., 1 dressing room, 2 bathrms., 3 large reception, morning rm., Kitchens, Refrig., gas fires and cookers, etc., available. Well-stocked, good-sized garden. Long lease. Price for quick sale, £5,975. Box 3572.

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PERSONAL

INTELLIGENT mother of good education, with young baby, would appreciate a comfortable home in return for small rent and part help. Richmond-Kingston area. Welcome any suggestions. Box 5260.

GERMAN Undergraduate, 26, wants position as companion to help or similar with congenial family for 6 mths. Box 5372.

YACHT cruising Cornish Riviera & Brittany coast; berths for paying guests £10 p.w. inclusive. Short holidays home waters, long foreign cruises or join ship French resort. Sailing tuition. Informal parties: max. six on board. Arrangements now for summer. Box 4866.

PLAYS wanted for London try-out. Full-length, strong, small cast, one set, typed MSS. only. Fully-s.a.a.e. for return. Taylor, 36 Basilica Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

STUDENTS contemplating proceeding to the United States for educational purposes during summer 1950 should consult immediately the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, for details concerning the exceptionally advantageous facilities for movement to the U.S.A., which it disposes.

PARIS by air with Theatres, tours, "night-life." Personally conducted parties leave every week from April 5. Individual tasses provided for. Charges from £18 10s. Theatre Holiday Plan, 77 Dean St., W.1.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol (Seefeld), July 30-August 12, £26; also Grossglockn (Salzburg), August 13-26, £27 incl. fare. E. Beer, c/o Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd. Liverpool, 15.

SHEILA Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, teaching piano, sol-fège, dictation and elementary harmony. 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. Flaxman 6310.

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ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, from 33gns. Apply Enmtours, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 0405.)

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AUSTRIA, Oberammergau, France, Corsica, Balearics, Italy, Norway. Reasonable, interesting, summer holidays by land, sea and air. Travel rich, travel poor, but travel happy through Fairways and Swinford Travel (Dept. F), Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1. ABBey 2214/5.

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MR. C. RACKETT'S Easter holidays for children again at Bournemouth. Lynton, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

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PERSONAL—continued

EASTER holiday in French Alps and if desired a week-end in Paris. Moderate cost includes air travel (optional) and first-class hotels. C. Rackett, Lynton, Middleton-on-Sea, Sx. Tel. 2812.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Club Olympic of Paris will re-open their well-known Holiday Camp in Calvi on June 10. Book now! Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

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FORREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6) to 18. Aug. 2 to Sept. 4, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

EASTER holidays? Have a real change and join a house-party for young professional people (near Windsor or New Forest) or come skiing to Austrian Tyrol. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Kensington 0911.

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PROMISE of Spring, daffodils in bud, birds singing and warmth in the sunshine. A few days in the country now will get rid of winter hangover. Stay at a comfortable, friendly hotel, Old Plow Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welcome. Tel. Holmrook 42.

BIDE-A-WHILE Hotel, Port Gaverne, North Cornwall. For your Spring vacation. One visit and you return. Port Isaac 218.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WINSTON Churchill in War and Peace." A new critical Biography by Emrys Hughes, M.P., 250 pages, illustrated; Price 2s. 6d. Unity Publishing Co., Ltd., 26 Civic Street, Glasgow, C.4.

IS the 13th your unlucky day? Black cats and horse-shoes won't take your mind off it but Zola's "The Masterpiece" will! Hurry! Publication date is the 13th! See your Bookshop or write to us at 38 Hatton Garden, E.C.1. Paul Elek, Ltd.

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GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd. London, N.W.6. Pri. 6090. Books bought.

JOURNAL of Sex Education, a popular-scientific Journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults, bi-monthly, 2s. 3d. post free. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7840.

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DEUTSCHE Bücher Gesucht! E. & H. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30, until May 3, thereafter Weds. Sats. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5.0 and 8.0. "John Gabriel Borkman." Mar. 22nd, 7.0. "The Provoked Wife." Mems.

UNITY. "How I Wonder," Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

"A PHOENIX Too Frequent" by Christopher Fry, presented by the Tavistock Repertory Co., and "The Work of Christopher Fry," a discussion between Eamé Percy, E. Martin Browne and Stephen Williams at St. Pancras Town Hall (opp. St. Pancras Stn.), on March 28, at 7.30. Adm. free by ticket from Town Hall/Public Libraries in St. Pancras.

"THE Zykovs." Reading of Gorki's play, with Oliver Burt, Derek Birch, Catherine Salkeld, Paul Daneman. Producer: Betty Linton. Sun., Mar. 19, 3.30, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Members and students 1s., others 2s.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Mar. 19th, 7.30: "L'Aigle a Deux Têtes" (A).

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20, Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., March 21 at 7.30 p.m. Film Show, 5 films, including "A Tale of Two Villages" and "Greek Children." Adm. free.

HOLIDAYS abroad and in Britain. Film Show & Travel Forum, Tues., March 21, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall. Come and get new ideas for your 1950 holiday. Erna Low and other holiday experts will answer your questions. Entrance free, but by ticket only. Continental buffet at 6.45 p.m. (ticket 5s.). Apply 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WIGMORE Hall, Sat., March 25 at 7 p.m. "Queen of Spades," Opera by Tchaikovsky—concert version arr. by V. Aksarova. Thts., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.

RICHARD Wood (baritone), Paul Hamburger (acc.). Thurs. next at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. Handel, V. Williams (song cycle House of Life), Appalachian and Hebridean Folk Songs. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at door and agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

BRENDA Burnes (soprano), Hubert Greenslade (acc.). Tues. next at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. Handel, Mozart, Purcell, Arne, Rowley, Dring (1st perf.), K. Wright, &c., 5s., 3s. Director of Concerts: N. Chovceaux.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Mar. 19, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Marjorie Hayward String Quartet. Marjorie Lempfert. Eileen McCarthy. Malipiero No. 6 St. Qt., Mozart G mi. Qnt., Brahms G Sextet. Adm. 1s.

THE Bach Choir present a Bach Festival, Royal Albert Hall. Tues. next, at 7.30. B minor Mass. (Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s.) Fri. next at 7.30, St. John Passion. (Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s.) Sunday, Mar. 26, at 11 and 2.30. St. Matthew Passion. (Gallery 3s. only available.) The Jacques Orchestra. Conductor: Dr. Reginald Jacques. Tickets from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents/Ibbs & Tillett Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

BBC. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall. Wed. next, at 8. Overture, Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn), Symphony No. 3 (Brahms), Daphnis and Chloe (Complete Ballet) (Ravel). The B.B.C. Chorus. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s.) Sunday, Mar. 26, at 11 and 2.30. St. Matthew Passion. (Gallery 3s. only available.) The Jacques Orchestra. Conductor: Dr. Reginald Jacques. Tickets from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents/Ibbs & Tillett Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

COWDRAY Hall, Cavendish Sq., W.1. Tuesday, April 4, 8.15 p.m. The Consort of Viols of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. A. Wenzinger, M. Major, M. Wenzinger, G. Fluegel. Music by Jenkins, Locke, Purcell, Marin Marais. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Chappell & Co. (Mayfair 7600).

GITA de la Fuente (soprano) specially re-invited to give recital at the "Manchester Tuesday Midday Concerts," March 21, Houldsworth Hall.

GALA Dance. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., on Saturday, March 18, 7-11 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

LONDON-Paris. New Trends in Painting & Sculpture. 16 artists presented by Inst. of Contemporary Arts. New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St., W.1. March 8-April 4. Dly. 10-6. Tu., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

FIFTY Years of Women Painters and Sculptors. Women's International Art Club Jubilee Exhib. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Mar. 6-24, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Julian Trevelyan; Works by Brenda Chamberlain, and Aeply Replicas.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Frederick Gore: English & French Paintings & Drawings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

"PARIS—Londres": Pictures recently purchased in France by Corot, Monet, Renoir, Bonnard, Vuillard, Utrillo, etc., 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Exhib. of Woollen Textiles by Avoca Handweavers from Ireland. 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

FERNAND Leger, an Arts Council exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till March 19. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Peter Rose Pulham. Watercolour Drawings and Collages by E. Q. Nicholson. Illustrations for Rimbaud's "Une Saison en Enfer," by Keith Vaughan. Private view Mar. 21 at 3 p.m.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Expressionist Painters. Paintings from France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Austria. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

SICKERT Sketches. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. March 7-25. Mon.-Thurs., 12-8; Fri., Sat., 12-5, free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Pictures by Sickert; recent work by Mollie Paxton and Brian Midlane.

RECENT Paintings by Jean Young and Portraits, Landscapes and Still Life by Fritz Kramer. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Crt. Rd., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, March: The Age of La Joie De Vivre, 18th cent. pictures and drawings by Watteau, Boucher, Belloto, Tiepolo, Longhi and others. Furniture, Porcelain.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Richard Ciccimarra. March 6-March 28. Open daily 10.30-5.30. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Australian Cave Paintings.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Paintings by Michael Stringer. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.) until April 1. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Century, daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening party at Tate Gallery on March 22 (8-11 p.m. Tkts. 12s. 6d. incl. refreshments). Preview of Socy.'s Exhibition, "The Private Collector." Guests may be invited but application for tickets must be through a member of the Socy. to C.A.S. at Tate Gallery.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PEACE Demonstration. Vera Brittain, Rhys Davies, M.P., Emrys Hughes, M.P., Leah Manning, Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Michael Tippett, at Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Monday, March 27, at 8 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall from 6.30. Admission free. Some reserved 2s. 6d. from Central Hall, or the Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Society. Sun., Mar. 19, at 7.45. Universal Restnt., 169a, Finchley Rd. (nr. Hamp. Baths). David C. Williams (Ldn. repr. of Americans for Democratic Action), "The America of To-day."

HAMPSTEAD B.S.F.S. "What has Trade with Russia to offer us?" Mr. W. Wainwright, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd. Thursday, March 23, 8 p.m.

THE Wind and the Rain lectures. On March 21 at 8, at the Ethical Church Hall, W.2, Francis Berry will speak on "Beowulf and the Modern Poet." (Chair: L. A. G. Strong.)

A. L. LLOYD on "Industrial Folk Songs"—illustrated. March 18, at 7 Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlbro' St., W.1. Admission 2s. WMA (PAD. 8670).

SEX Education Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m., on Mon., March 20, Lecture by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., on "Everyday Sex Problems." Adm. 2s. Enquiries with stamped addressed env. to 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7840.

"SHAW and Dickens," by Jack Lindsay. (Chair: Eame Percy), Shaw Soc., 57 Dean St., W.1, March 31, 7 p.m., 1s 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture Weds., Mch. 22, 6.30. The Abhidhamma Philosophy (2). The Ven. Bhikkhu-U Thittila.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1, March 25, at 6 p.m., Mr. P. Pickard: "National Sovereignty."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. March 19: Commemoration Meeting. W. Q. Judge.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1, Sun., Mtg., 11 a.m. Mar. 19: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Nuisance of Nationalism." Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Library, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 21, Roy Walker (Secretary, London Vegetarian Society). "Bread and Peace." Adm. free. Collection.

THE Humanist Impetus in Politics. Four addresses on the recovery of inspiration in social life: (1) H. J. Blackham: "Controls and Incentives," Sun., March 19, 6.30, at the Ethical Church, 44 Inverness Place, W.2.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Minister, Swami Ghanananda, at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., March 23, at 7.30, "Influence of Indian Thought." All welcome.

BLACKHEATH Art Socy. Sat., March 25, at 8 p.m. at Charlton House. Victor Pasmore on "Modern Painting." Programmes 1s. Buses 108, 54, 75, 53A.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"INCENTIVES and Ideals in an Industrial Society." Course of 3 lectures organised by The Ethical Union. (2) Monday, March 20: Dr. R. F. Tredgold (author of "Human Relations in Modern Industry"): "Patterns of Behaviour." 7 p.m. in the Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free.

MUSIC Brains Trust presented by L.S.O. Club. Anthony Collins, Edric Cundell, Ralph Hill, Dr. C. E. M. Joad, Thurs., Mar. 23, 8 p.m. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd. Adm. Members 2s. 6d., Visitors 3s. 6d. Doors open 7 p.m. Refreshments available.

W.E.A. London District Rally, School of Economics, 3-10 p.m. Sat., April 1. Professor Barbara Wootton will speak on "The Social Sciences and the Future of Mankind." Dramatic Performances. Dancing. Tickets 3s. 6d. (including tea); from W.E.A., 28 Woburn Sq., W.C.1. MUSeum 5570.

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Talk. Tu., March 21, 6.30. "Can, and should, the ordinary citizen understand Finance?" by the Duke of Bedford.

NOMADS Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.2. Thurs., March 23, Romantic Composers. A lecture illus. with records presented by Mr. Roy Sear. 7.45 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

ARNOLD L. Haskell, M.A., will lecture on "Introduction to Ballet" for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thurs., Mar. 23, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

PERSONALIST Group. M. Chaning Pearce on "Jean Guitton on Human and Divine Love," Conway Hall, Wed., March 22, at 7.30.

NATIONAL Secular Society, Professor H. Levy, M.A., D.Sc., on "The Meaning of Proof." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, on Thursday, March 23, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Mon., March 20, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Czechoslovakia To-day." John Fisher (Foreign Correspondent in E. Europe, 1942-1949). Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Assocn. Miss Phill Griffiths, just returned from Rumania will lecture on her experiences, at 20 Pont St., S.W.1, Wed., Mar. 22, 7.30 p.m.

BRITISH-Polish Society, 81, Portland Place, W.1. (Tel. LAN. 6594). Mrs. Claire Doehler, just returned from 14 months' teaching in Poland, will speak on her life in Poland, Fri., March 17 at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PEARSON Foundation College. Write Registrar, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, for syllabus, Easter Lectures (April 10-15), "Man and Superman."

ARTHUR Segal's Painting School for Professionals and Non-Professionals reopens Summer Term April 18. Morning—Evening —Week-end Classes for Beginners & advanced students. Segal method proves that everyone can learn to paint. Summer Course in Italy: August 2-Sept. 1: Levanto-Padua-Ravenna. Teachers' Training Course in Segal method starts Sept. 11. Autumn Term: beginning Sept. 12. Application should be made as soon as possible—limited number. Partics. from Sec., 1, 1, Englands Lane, N.W.3. PRI 2686.

COPENHAGEN, Summer courses on Danish life and culture. For partics. Anglo-Danish Students' Bureau, 71/72 Piccadilly, W.1.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Otztal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 26gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares successfully for Matric., Special Entr., Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., M.A., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; also for General Certificate of Education, Ordinary and Advanced Levels (London, Oxford, Cambridge, and others). Civil Service, Local Government, etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1950, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss P. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd. Bedford.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Entr., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FRANCE. Holiday in lovely Dordogne Valley: modern château near Domme. Easy access to famous cave paintings. Lectures on French art and culture, and on archaeology of district. Excursions, riverbathing, dancing, music, poetry, play-readings, etc. July 28-August 13, 1950. Revised cost including fares: £27 10s. Details from Hon. Secretary, Progressive League, (private address), 43, West Park, S.E.9. ELT 1761.

THE Tenth Roel Summer School of Puppetry will be held in Cheltenham from August 12-26. Further particulars from the Secretary, The Roel Summer School, Guiting Power, nr. Cheltenham.

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